OCTOBER 25, 1966 35 CENTS

Sports Illustrated

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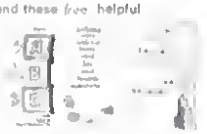
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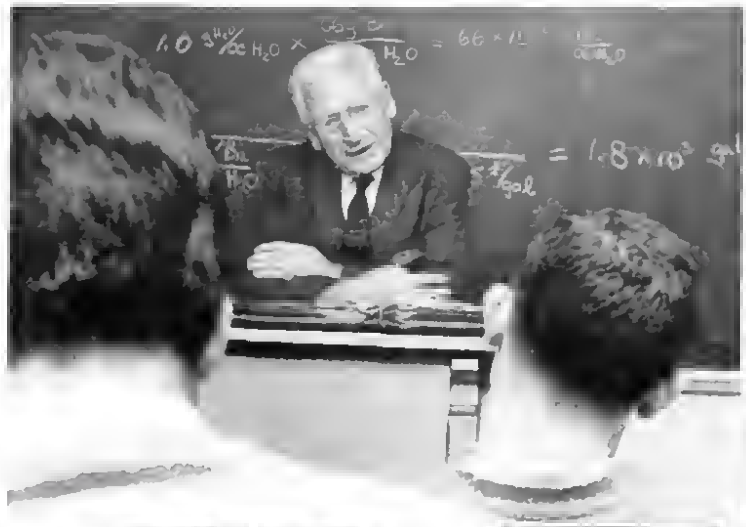
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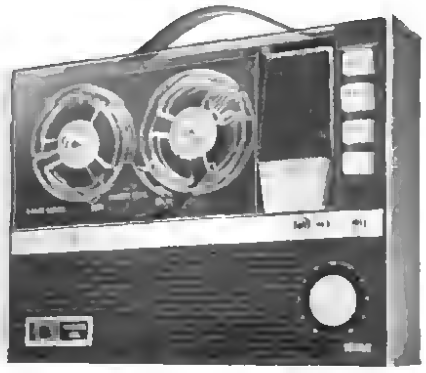
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Next week

THE WINGING CARDINALS are disproving the notion that they cannot stand success and are soaring toward the NFL's Eastern championship. Edwin Shrake tells of the flight plan.

PAL JOEY meets a burning Dick Tiger for the world middleweight title. William Leggett reports on the rematch between the Nigerian slugger and the superbly evasive Giardello.

COFFEEPOTS make good fishing tackle, says Bil Gilbert, pop angler. Gilbert's avant-garde methods may infuriate purists, but he claims that the proof is all in the frying pan.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



The man whose appearance on the cover this week signalizes the return of pro basketball is someone who could pose as a practicing psychologist anywhere. Or so Boston's Bill Russell insists, referring to his academic-looking spade beard, well-cut business suit and narrow, dark tie. "And I carry the briefcase, too," says Russell. "Even if it is not full of textbooky things. Mine always contains a badly crinkled basketball uniform, some sweat socks and a pair of pretty big sneakers." The other difference, he adds with obvious satisfaction, is that "I don't work for psychology like those other fellas. Psychology works for *me*."

Well put. In his career as one of basketball's greatest centers, Russell has used his own special mix of size, talent, *stamina, instinct—and psychology* to dominate the game. And when SPORTS ILLUSTRATED asked Russell to do an informal thesis on How I Psych Them, for openers Russell promptly psyched Associate Editor Bob Ottum.

Ottum often moves in a world of big people. Two seasons ago he did a cover story on Tommy Heinsohn, and last April he collaborated with Philadelphia's Wilt Chamberlain on a two-part story about life inside a giant. So it wasn't the size that got him. "But Russell never sits still," Ottum said after the first week of interviews-on-the-run. "In the evening he plays basketball. Then he sunlights by managing his Boston restaurant, he is writing a book, landscaping his new home, promoting his own new brand of sneakers and testing foreign sports cars. You ever try to take notes at 115 miles an hour? Every time we tried to talk, he faked me out."

Finally, spooked by an approaching deadline, Ottum used what Russell calls his First Law (*page 33*). "I cornered him in his hotel room one midnight when he was most tired," says Ottum. "I locked the door and took the phone off the hook. We worked all through the night. Russell talked, demonstrated *by shooting wadded paper into the* wastebasket, and we ran a few sample plays in that small space—Ottum defending against Russell." About 3 a.m. Russell sent out (to his own restaurant) for a gigantic platter of barbecued ribs. "The greasy part of the manuscript," notes Ottum, "is where we ate." By dawn both were exhausted. But the deadline was met.

In matters of deadline our world of publishing and Russell's world of playing form a parallel: When SPORTS ILLUSTRATED first appeared in August 1954 Russell was appearing as the player to watch in his junior year at the University of San Francisco. In the years since, eight writers have covered Russell, starting with a story on the NCAA finals in Kansas City in March of 1955 (and including his marriage to Rose Swisher after the Melbourne Olympics). Of those eight Frank Deford, at 6 feet 4, is the only one almost tall enough to look Russell in the eye.

Incidentally, Russell celebrated the completion of this latest story by buying one of the foreign cars he was testing. He found the $14,500 Ferrari too small, though it fitted Ottum fine, and instead bought an awesome white Mercedes 220 SE convertible. Which certainly ought to psych everybody on those highways around Boston.



AFTER MELBOURNE, MARRIAGE TO ROSE

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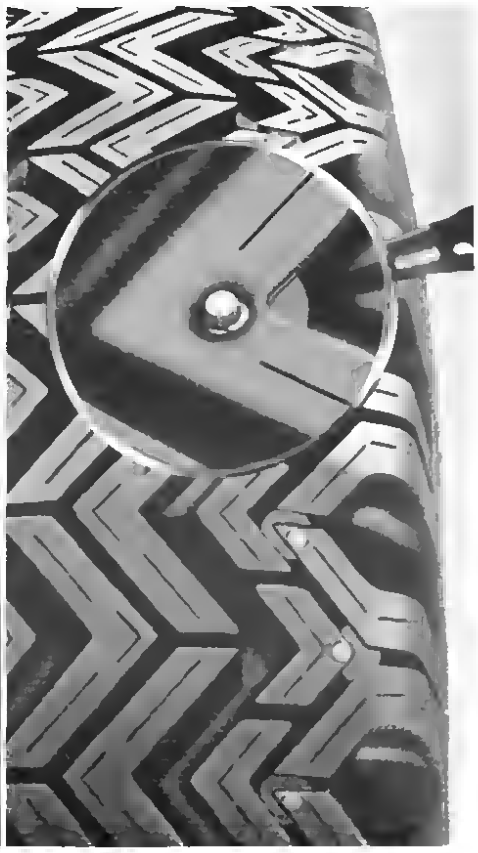
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BOOKTALK

A book on the Australian racehorse Phar Lap reads like a mystery story

About midday on April 5, 1932 a magnificent horse from Australia named Phar Lap died suddenly in a guarded stall at a training farm near San Francisco. For most Americans that marked the beginning of the mystery of Phar Lap, centered on the question: Was Phar Lap poisoned? For many Australians, as L. R. Carter makes it clear in *Phar Lap* (Australian Book Center, New Rochelle, N.Y. $7), the death of Phar Lap was merely the climax of mysteries that began before he was foaled.

Phar Lap was out of Entreaty, a New Zealand mare, by Night Raid. But who was Night Raid? Soon after World War I an English trainer, Captain Tom Hogg, sold Night Raid (who had only one third place in two years of racing) for £120. In Australia, however, Night Raid was sold for stud for 1,400 guineas. After Phar Lap became famous, Captain Hogg was shown a photograph of Night Raid and exclaimed, "That was never Night Raid!" He believed horses had somehow gotten mixed up in being shipped. Mr. Carter suggests "the shippers might have sent an incorrect manifest." In any event, Entreaty's foal was bought in the New Zealand yearling sales in January 1928, for 160 guineas. But let Mr. Carter relate the circumstances in his breezy Australian prose. The buyer "was rather an unlikely character, a Russian-born Jew named David J. Davis, an American citizen who had come to Australia about 1921, opened a small photo studio, and then got into the china, silver and cutlery importing business." He made money and wanted to get into racing, but "he was a new chum at the game."

Harry Telford, a dour, uncommunicative trainer, was introduced to Davis by an unidentified individual "who later became Davis' business manager." Telford bought Phar Lap for Davis, but Davis was disappointed in the yearling's appearance and leased him to Telford for three years for one third of his earnings. In two years and nine months Phar Lap raced 50 times. He won only two in his first 10. But then in 25 months he raced 39 times and won 35 times. In the Australian Jockey Club St. Leger Stakes he ran 120 yards ahead of the field. Betting was paralyzed. Gunmen tried to maim him with buckshot, but missed. After 14 consecutive stakes wins as a 4-year-old Phar Lap lost only the Melbourne Cup as a 5-year-old, carrying 150 pounds while the winner carried 98.

His next race was the $100,000 Agua Caliente Handicap (reduced because of the Depression to $50,000 while he was en route from Australia). Weakened by an 18-day Pacific crossing, Phar Lap did not impress the tough characters who hung around the Agua Caliente track in Prohibition days. Davis snapped up the odds, getting as much as 6 to 1. Moreover, Phar Lap had never seen a starting stall before the race, and was given no training in one. The night before the race an attempt was made to shoot the president of the track. In the race itself Phar Lap, bewildered by the stall, was left 50 yards in back. He nevertheless led after six furlongs, and won easily. Davis rushed over the border after the race with the prize money "swollen by his betting clean-up." Phar Lap was hurried out of Mexico. Two weeks later he was dead. A Food and Drug Administration chemist reported Phar Lap's bodily organs "riddled with arsenic trioxide." A San Francisco toxicologist hired by Davis found none. The author reviewed the evidence and leaves it up to the reader, who is apt to get cold chills either way.

●

There are no such mysteries in Dervla Murphy's *Full Tilt: Ireland to India with a Bicycle* (Dutton, $4.95), but recent events have added an air of international melodrama to what are otherwise routine thrills—accidents, spills, attempted assaults—such as might be expected by a pretty young woman pedaling 4,445 miles alone across Europe and Asia. A sturdy Irish girl riding an Armstrong men's bike, Miss Murphy left Ireland in January 1963 and reached Delhi in July. She first used her automatic on a pack of wild dogs in the snowy mountains of Yugoslavia. In a hotel near the border of Turkey and Persia she was awakened and found an admirer in her room. She fired her automatic at the ceiling. He left. In Persia three elderly workmen tried to steal her bicycle. When she fired over their heads they dropped it and ran. Untroubled, she writes lyrically "I was cycling day after day beneath a sky of intense blue, through wild mountains whose solitude and beauty surpassed anything I had been able to imagine."

●

Before his death last year J. Frank Dobie assembled notes and scattered writings for a book on rattlesnakes. In his earlier years, in *The Mustangs* and *The Longhorns* and *The Voice of the Coyote*, his best book, Dobie created a distinctive sort of Southwest regional document, mixing history, science, folklore, proverbs, tall tales and personal experiences, and the lore of the western diamondback rattler, a venomous reptile measuring 7 feet or so, seemed an ideal addition. *Rattlesnakes* (Little, Brown, $5) begins boldly enough. We learn that roadrunners kill rattlers, as do javelinas, wild turkeys and mocking birds. And there are good Dobie stories about early settlers hiding from Indians. Rattlesnakes invariably crawled into their hiding places. But

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interest wears thin, and the trouble is not with Dobie, but with rattlesnakes. Everybody in the Southwest seems to have nearly stepped on a rattler at one time or another. Dobie tried hard to like them—"natural, native and honest," he wrote, "belonging to the land that I belonged to"—but even Dobie could not really long for the good old days when there were more rattlesnakes everywhere.

●

Maurice Brooks's *The Appalachians* (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95) is part textbook, part nature essay, sometimes awkwardly presented, but interesting for its accumulation of little-known facts about a well-traveled and well-known area only a few miles from the biggest cities of the country. The forest over the mountains is one of the rarest on earth, there are 130 different species of trees in the Great Smokies alone, for instance, and only 85 in all Europe. An authority on wildlife management at West Virginia University, Professor Brooks likes to discuss the astounding numbers of birds and animals that have managed to survive in the 1,600-mile mountain chain. As many as 75,000 hawks in a single day have been counted migrating from Canada. Two observers on an Allegheny summit once counted 1,403 migrating warblers in three hours. Some two million razorback hogs exist in the Appalachian wilds. Elk herds have done so well in Virginia that limited hunting is now permitted. The book is the first in a series of popular natural histories edited by Roger Tory Peterson and John A. Livingston, intended to cover all regions of the U.S.

●

In 1933, Arnold Gingrich, aged 29, was the founding editor of *Esquire* magazine. In 1934 he was fishing with Ernest Hemingway in the Bahamas. Hemingway, he says, was a meat fisherman, intensely competitive and "a very poor sport." After two more seasons of unhappy fishing experiences on the *Pilar* (*Esquire* advanced Hemingway the money he needed to buy the boat), Gingrich gave up deep-sea fishing. It was not until 1939 that he discovered fly fishing, at a trout farm called the Fin 'n' Feather Club near Chicago, where you paid a dollar a pound for the trout you hooked from ponds of eager captives. That admission is made on page 30 of *The Well-Tempered Angler* (Knopf, $5.95), and the remaining 300 pages are an unabashed recital of his fascination with and subsequent mastery of the art. Twenty-one essays discuss such subjects as trout fishing in Austria after World War II, salmon fishing in Iceland, the achievements of Paul Young, who developed the Midge rod (under 7 feet and weighing 2 ounces or less) and of Al McClane, who perfected the double-line haul.

—Robert Cantwell

Fairlane '66 just doesn't look like a practical family car... and that's the beauty of it!



1966 Fairlane 500 XL

Let us admit it right off. the 1966 Fairlane is a sturdy, practical, dependable, day-in, day-out family car. The fact that it is also richly beautiful, luxurious inside, and fun to drive is just a spectacular Fairlane bonus.

Fairlane '66 has a look that makes you think of moonlight and rubies, of winning at Monte Carlo (the Casino or the Rallye, you name it) The excitement continues inside the car, from delightful touches like our 2 way key, curved side glass, foot-operated parking brake and sporty bucket seats on XL and GT models. There are dazzling new convertibles, a new paneled Squire Wagon, and the ultra-sporty series, Fairlane GT hardtops and convertibles.

Yet, underneath the glamor and the glitter, Fairlane is all business Stronger than ever, with new frame, body shell, new smoother ride. Roomier—and more luxurious—inside. Basically very thrifty to buy and to operate but a lot more fun to drive, with sports models and optional V-8's ranging up to 390 cubic inches. There are 13 new Fairlanes to choose from, more Fairlanes than ever, with a lot more in them Drive a '66 Fairlane soon. And bring the family, it's their car, too!

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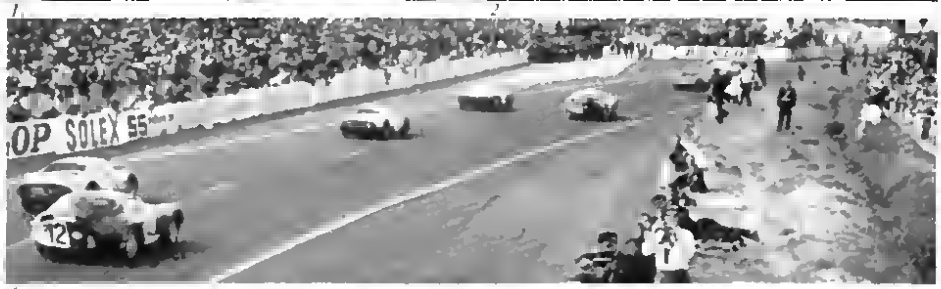
DU PONT Better Things for Better Living *through Chemistry*

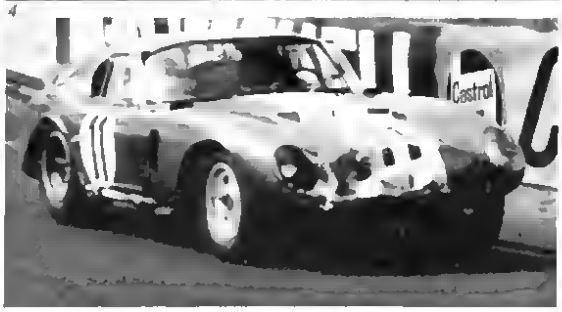
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1. *Cobra garage at Le Mans preparing for the 24 Hours.*
2. *Winning GT coupe . . Cobra's low profile paid off on Daytona's high speed banks.*
3. *Carroll Shelby and Sebring promoter Alec Ulmann at Le Mans.*
4. *Start of the famed Le Mans 24 Hours.*
5. *Jack Sears—Doc Thompson Cobra finished eighth at Le Mans . . . shown here in the esses during the final hour.*
6. *Bob Bondurant and Jo Schlesser drove 15 to first GT and fourth overall in the Sebring 12 hours. Shelby Cobras used Castrol in all events.*
7. *First GT and second overall in the Daytona Continental as Hal Keck and Jo Schlesser set new GT record.*



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And that's where we could have stopped. Instead, we added a self-powered zoom. And a new kind of electric eye that lets you take pictures even in glaring daylight. And a highly sophisticated lens system.

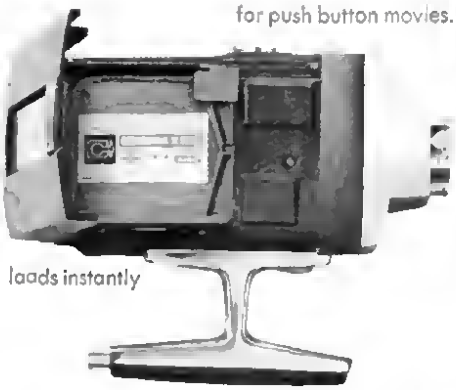
And a few electronic safeguards that make the Bell & Howell Super 8 about as foolproof as a movie camera is likely to get.

Sure that kind of precision instrument is tougher to turn out than an ordinary camera. But we learned one thing a long time ago: the harder we make things for ourselves, the easier it is for you.

Now ready. Smile!



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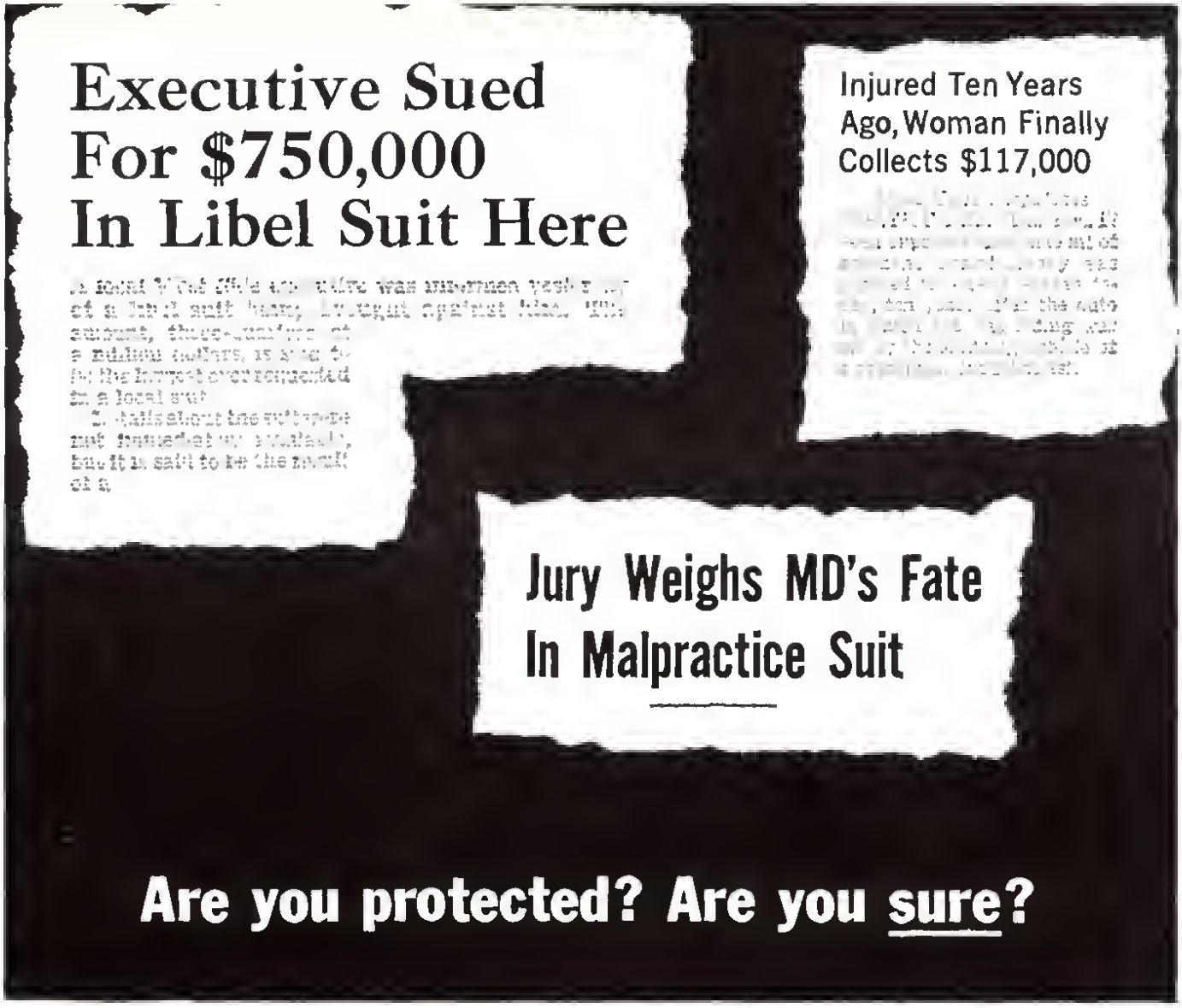




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This Mighty-Mac "LINEBACKER"* storm coat won a trophy.

Buying a storm coat? Have one that walked away with the J. P. Stevens Golden "Linebacker" Trophy for fashion excellence. Inside and out, it's designed to keep you dry, comfortable – and slightly ahead of the next fellow when it comes to fashion. Note the new rounded-front "Double D" look. A forecast of what's to come in men's outerwear. And there's the zip-in vest for extra warmth and a change of style, when you want it.

Water repellency is the greatest. "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Rain Repeller protects the tough, outershell fabric of polyester and combed pima cotton. Storm after storm, rain and stains – even oily ones – stay out. Through repeated dry-cleanings too, without reprocessing.

Inside there's a thick pile lining. And a hidden hood in the collar, for wind protection.

The National Football League admired this coat enough to award it their stamp of approval. It costs $75. You'll wonder why it doesn't cost $150. Get ready for a decade of cozy winters.

Coat by Mighty-Mac, protection by Scotchgard RAIN REPELLER

Buy the Mighty-Mac "Linebacker" coat at these and other fine stores: Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila. and branches; Filene's, Boston; Wolf's Clothing, [illegible]; Frankel Clothing, Des Moines, Iowa; Frankenburger, Charleston, West Va.; Jack Henry, Kansas City, Mo.

NFL



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If you consider yourself a busy, successful man (or if anybody else does), here are 19 things you shouldn't ever have to think about.



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Our point is this: When you're out of town on business, you've got enough to think about. Important things—important to your job and your success.

You don't want to have to think about the Chevrolet or other fine car you rented from us. Fully-inflated tires, clean ashtrays, brimming gas tank, etc.—they should just be there.

Ed McManus, Vice President of Whitehall Laboratories, once told us something. When a company sends a man out on the road—he's on the road to success. Or he's already there.

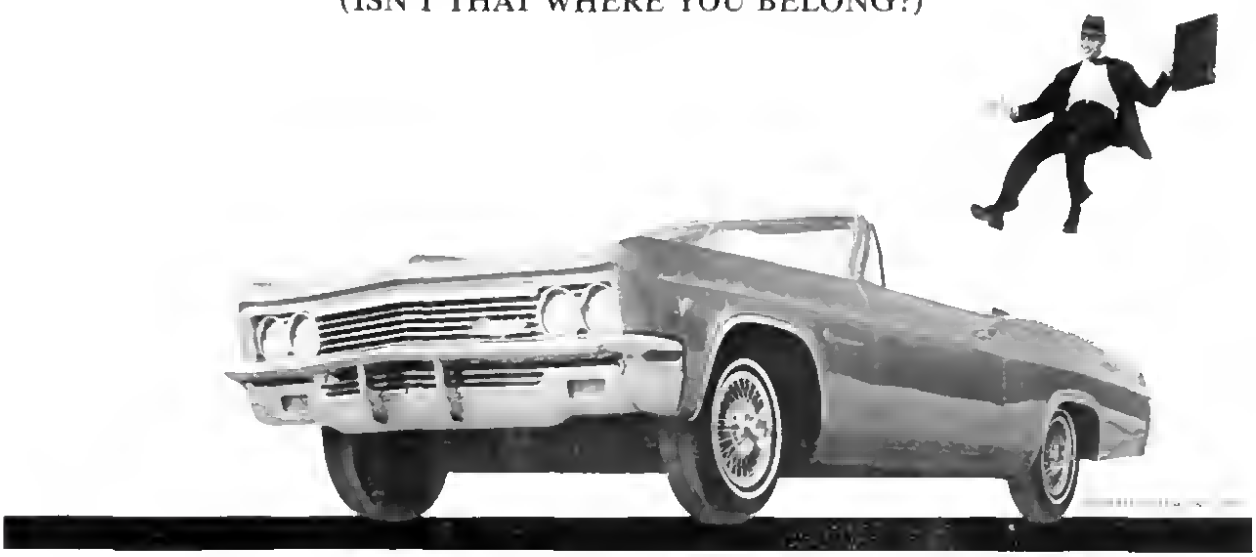
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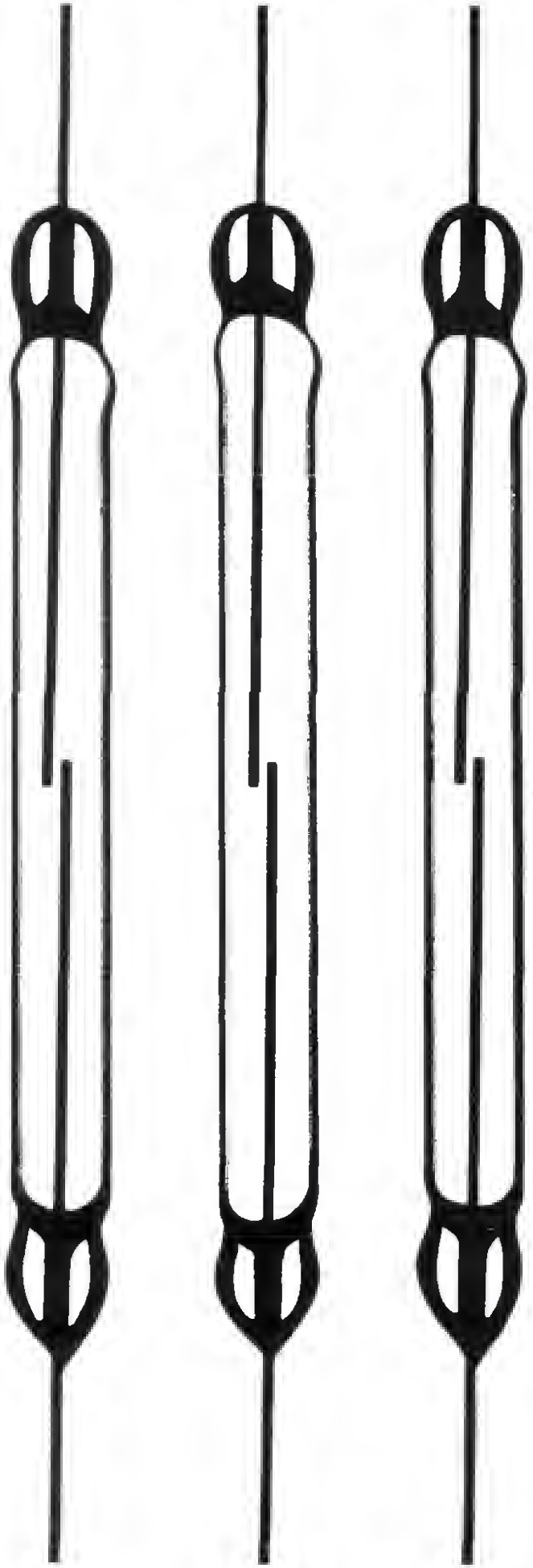


Ed McManus, Vice President

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WE'RE MAKING THESE BY THE MILLIONS TO IMPROVE YOUR TELEPHONE SERVICE

They look simple enough, but they're actually tiny precision devices. The two metal blades must be properly oriented and sealed into glass tubes a precise distance from each other.

Called "sealed contacts" these devices are key elements in the new Electronic Switching System that Western Electric is now building for the Bell telephone network. They are, in fact, among the few moving parts in this incredibly complex system, and have been specially designed to work compatibly with its sophisticated electronic equipment.



After the electronic elements have chosen the best route for your telephone call, a series of these contacts will snap closed to route it through the switching network to the number you want.

Obviously all these contacts must be ready to respond instantly whenever called upon. And they will, because making such precision parts in tremendous volume — and making them to meet the highest possible standards — is a way of life for Western Electric.

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Know what can happen to a snow tire when there is no snow on the road? At high speeds it can burn up. Each time a tire turns it generates heat. Because of its extra deep tread, a snow tire generates more heat than a regular passenger tire. If the heat buildup gets too great it can weaken tire cord and sap the tire of its strength. But if the cord in the tire is strong enough, heat won't weaken it. Nylon cord is the strongest, toughest fiber going. It resists heat better than any other fiber. And a tire made with stronger nylon has less bulk. So at high speeds it runs cooler. And it maintains its strength longer. Nylon is also unaffected by moisture that can seep into the body of a snow tire. It's the best thing that ever happened to a tire. Snow or no snow.

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Everybody tried to improve on the '65 Pontiac.

We did...

. . . and what we wound up with (and nobody else even came close to) was a new improved version of the success car of the year. Same Wide-Track ride—only smoother. Same characteristic Pontiac styling—only sleeker. Same elegant interiors—only more of them and more luxurious, and in some models, a reclining front seat is available. In fact, we even introduced three new Broughams, four new Venturas and a new Star Chief Executive hardtop coupe in the belief that the world can always use more of a good thing. Now all that remains is to see how many people try to improve on the '66 Pontiac. Lots of luck to those who try. The tiger scores again!

Wide-Track Pontiac/'66

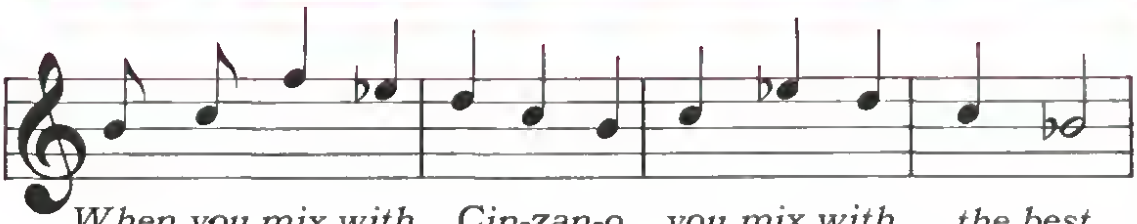
• General Motors Corporation

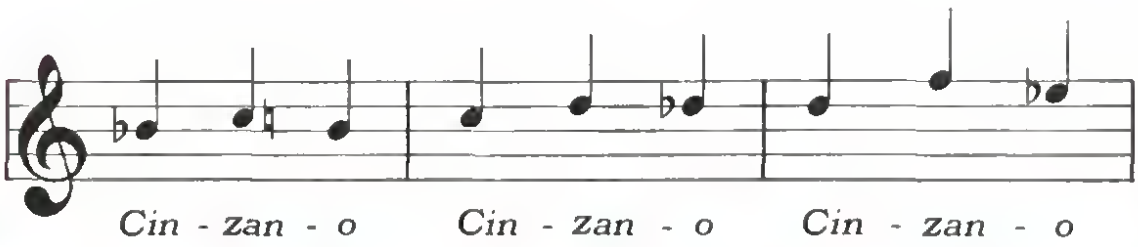
MUSIC FOR LOVERS

of Gibsons, Martinis, Manhattans, Rob Roys, etc.











Cinzano specializes in lovers. Those who love their pleasure dry. And those who love it sweet. For the former, there's Cinzano's French Extra Dry Vermouth. Mixes beautifully. For the latter, Cinzano's exquisite Italian Sweet Vermouth. Irresistible all by itself. MORAL: Whatever your vermouth pleasure is, one sip and you'll be a Cinzano lover for life.



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SCORECARD

SOME CHANGES MADE

With the National Hockey League season upon us, it might be well to take note of three rules changes that have been adopted.

The first change requires the presence of a reserve goaltender, fully dressed in pads, chest protector and other gear, on the bench for all 70 games. There have been occasions in the past when the home team has had to supply a fill-in goalie when the opposition's goaltender was injured. The quality of the standby goalie often was suspect, since he usually was not a topflight professional or even good minor league material. A few years ago Ross Wilson, Detroit trainer, went into the nets against his own club after Boston Goalie Don Simmons was injured.

The warmup procedure will be different, too. Previously both teams went on the ice at the same time, took their skating and shooting practice, retired to their dressing rooms while new ice was made, then started the game. Now the home team is required to get on the ice 45 minutes before opening face-off, skate for 15 minutes, then allow the visiting team to do the same. The change would seem to deprive the home team of some of the advantage of playing before its own fans and that 30-minute cool-off after the warmup does not sound helpful.

The third change will assess an automatic $200 fine against "any player who swings his stick at another player in the course of any altercation." Stick fighting has been on the increase in the NHL in recent seasons. A $200 fine would seem to be healthily discouraging.

BUCKMANSHIP

Truth in hunting is as rare as truth in fishing. The deer, or the bass, is always bigger in the telling than in the weighing. Now Kenneth A. Casavant of Roslindale, Mass. has come up with a device that, without scales, will permit a hunter to gauge the weight of his deer, dressed or undressed, with reasonable accuracy.

Some 18 years ago Casavant saw a farmer measuring the girth of a cow by stretching a tape around it just back of the forelegs. The farmer said the girth would tell him the cow's weight. As a hunter, Casavant thought the same idea might be applied to deer. He spent a lot of time in cold storage plants, measuring and weighing deer that were kept in them. After examining about 300 deer, he finally established a relationship between girth and weight. Then, doing research at the Boston Public Library, he discovered a method by which he could make a correlation between the dressed and the undressed weight of a deer. He thereupon made up a tape measure that tells the dressed weight on one side, the undressed weight on the other. Last fall, hunting in the Allagash region of Maine, he got 19 requests for the loan of his tape measure. Casavant decided to market it.

It is not exactly selling like hot cakes. Quite a few hunters, it would appear, would rather make a generous guess.

A FEW WORDS FOR BOXING

The British Association of Sport and Medicine held a two-way symposium on boxing a couple of years ago, and the proceedings have just now been published in a book, *Medical Aspects of Boxing* (Pergamon Press, 42 shillings). The usual arguments against boxing were presented—emotionally by Lady Summerskill, who would ban boxing, and cogently by some doctors who, in the main, urged more safeguards for the boxer rather than an outright prohibition.

Our fondness for boxing, which includes prizefighting, precludes any impartial report from this corner. Rather, we prefer to put down a few of the more telling arguments in the sport's favor, as they turned up in the course of debate:

Dr. W. L. Neustatter: "All I can contribute in indicative evidence after 30 years of psychiatry is how little I have come across psychiatric patients who have taken part in boxing. . . . Pleasure in boxing, as in all sports, is an artistic one rather than masochistic."

A.J.P. Martin, educator: "There is no more danger to young people in this sport, which is nowadays so well controlled and supervised both medically and otherwise, than in any other field of sport."

A. McDougall: "Since my association with university boxing in 1932 until the present day I have not had any student who has suffered any nervous instability or mental upset."

Dr. McDonald Critchley: "Is punch-drunkenness a disappearing disease?"

Dr. Philip Kaplin, member, Medical Sub-Committee, British Boxing Board of Control: "Chronic brain injury may occur here and there, but it must be very rare."

In the late rounds Jack Solomons, Britain's leading promoter of prizefighting, scored heavily by reminding Lady Summerskill how good a boxer her son had been when he was a student at St. Paul's.

FARAWAY FAN

For the past several years Roman Catholic bishops have been occupied with the Second Vatican Council, among them Bishop Robert E. Tracy, head of the Baton Rouge, Louisiana diocese.



From Rome, Bishop Tracy has been sending letters back to the diocese to keep it informed of council progress and, occasionally, some personal matters. In one of these he described how he had spent one particular evening:

"Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . It is 9:15 p.m. and I am sitting on the little balcony off my room at the Rome Hilton, high up on Monte Mario, the highest spot from which to overlook the Eternal City. . . .

continued

As one's eyes become accustomed to the darkness . . . one begins to make out the jagged form of that granddaddy of all the stadiums of the world—the Roman Colosseum.

"On the edge of my balcony (for the sake of good reception) is a transistor radio which emits surprising volume. However, what I am listening to is not the ordinary radio fare of Rome at all. . . . I am listening to words of music from the other side of the world, from a stadium which is many miles away from the ancient Colosseum—the stadium at Gainesville, where LSU is battling Florida. The shortwave overseas broadcast to our armed forces came in very clearly. . . . Two bobbles within the five still did not keep the game from being one of the most gripping contests since Constantine bested Maxentius at the Milvian Bridge."

ENTER THE GERBIL

Though Luci Baines Johnson has a herd of hamsters in the White House, which is about as accepted as a hamster can get, the status rodent pet of 1966 may be the gerbil (pronounced "jerbil"), which Webster defines as "any of various Old World burrowing leaping desert rodents forming a subfamily of the vole family (*Cricetidae*)."

That does not sound too attractive, but the hamster surmounted a similarly dull dictionary description—"any of several thick-bodied, short-tailed Old World rodents (of *Cricetus* and allied genera) having very large cheek pouches"—and achieved vast popularity.

What the gerbil has going for him is the Creative Playthings catalog, which says that he is tame, does not bite or attempt to escape, is hardy, travels well, is clean, keeps his cage dry and odorless, eats anything, is curious and friendly and likes people. Few pets can match that.

You can get a hamster for $2, but a gerbil will set you back $8, and a mated pair goes for $15, plus shipping charges.

Luci Baines, get with it.

THE INCENTIVE SYSTEM

The annual Florida-Georgia game in Jacksonville is always a 50,000-seat sellout. This year, with both teams on a rampage, tickets for their November 6 meeting are very hard to come by, even though there are 10,000 additional tickets on sale. These are seats planned for



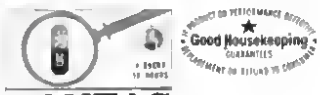
All the aspirin in the world can't do for your cold what one Contac® capsule can.

Aspirin is for the aches and pains that sometimes come with a cold. But what does aspirin do for the sniffles, sneezes, and stuffy nose of a cold? Nothing.

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the Gator Bowl but not yet built. The new stands will be completed on time. Contractor William E. Arnold Jr. has *assured anxious officials of both schools.* Arnold bought a block of tickets for the game and told his workmen: "These are your seats. Get them ready and you'll be my guests. If you don't get them ready, you won't have any seats."

INVITATION TO THE PALEFACES

In 1958 the Jicarilla Apaches decided that the deer on their reservation in northern New Mexico exceeded tribal needs and they cautiously offered 300 permits, at $20 each, to outside hunters. This worked out so well that, since then, hunters have been invited back each year, with as many as 1,500 permits offered in some years. Hunters found ample targets and took some of the biggest mule deer trophies in the record book. Among the top 48 trophies of this species in the current Boone and Crockett record book, six were taken on Jicarilla land within the past few years, and 16 other Jicarilla mule deer are listed as records, too.

But last January a newly elected council decided to cancel the paleface permits. The herds should be conserved, the council said. During the summer, however, the tribal leaders restudied the situation and changed their minds. They made 600 permits available for what promises to be another trophy season (Oct. 30 to Nov. 14).

The ability to take a position and then reverse it when new facts are learned is not always found in public officials. Geronimo lacked the knack, but the new generation is sharper.

RECORD IN REVERSE

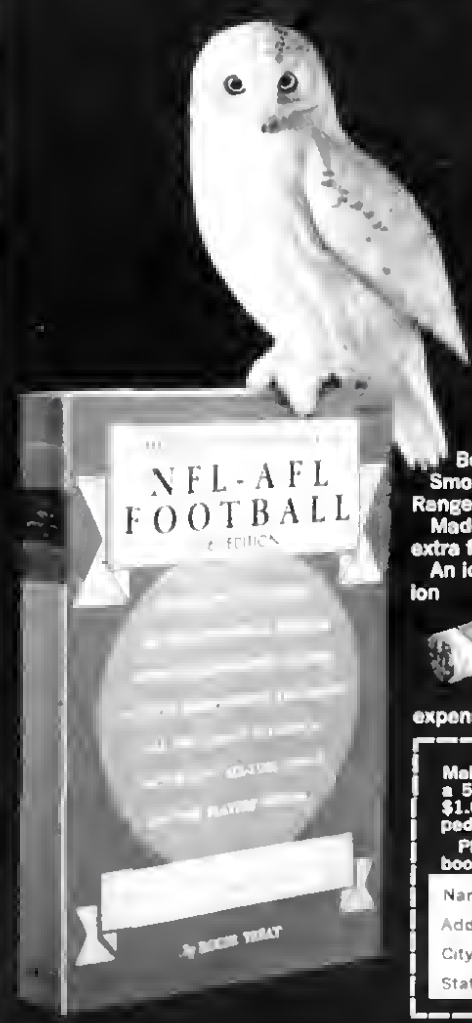
The world's longest javelin throw is 300 feet 11 inches, and it was made in Oslo last year by Terje Pedersen. Last month in Karlsruhe, during the West Germany-Great Britain meet, John Fitzsimons made what was perhaps the world's shortest javelin throw, 9 feet 10 inches, or about a foot longer than the javelin itself. And Fitzsimons was throwing in dead earnest.

Fitzsimons had fouled on his first attempt, and on his subsequent throws his javelin kept landing flat, to count, the javelin has to stick in the ground, or at least make a distinct mark. Faced on his final attempt with the gloomy prospect of being disqualified and thereby losing

continued

WHO?

Who introduced the flying wedge? Who were the Decatur Staleys?
Who were the NFL all-stars in 1931? In 1964?
Who scored the most touchdowns in a game? In a season?
Who will get you this pro football fact
book to answer these questions
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even the single point for finishing in fourth and last place, the indomitable Fitzsimons hurled the javelin into the ground at his feet, precisely 9 feet 10 inches distant.

Alas, his last-minute unheroics were in vain. Britain lost by 30 points.

WEDGE IN THE CURTAIN

The only golf team from a Communist country entered in the Canada Cup competition in Madrid was that of Czechoslovakia, a country that discouraged golf when the Communists took over after World War II.

Golf survived nevertheless. There are two 18-hole golf courses in Czechoslovakia, one in Marienbad, the other in Karlsbad. In addition, there are a six-holer and a nine-holer, one of them maintained by the players, who manicure the greens and trim the fairways themselves. Some 700 or 800 golfers play the game. And the Czechoslovak Golf Association plans to apply for membership in the European Golf Association and the World Amateur Golf Council.

In Madrid the International Golf Association presented each Czech player with a golf bag, clubs and a dozen balls. There were tears in the eyes of the recipients. After all, the president of the Czech association plays with hickory-shafted clubs made in the '20s.

OUT OF UNIFORM

When Lane Walsh taught himself place-kicking he wore a ski boot, and when he reported for football for the first time in his life this year at the University of Utah he put his shoulder pads on backward. But thus far this season he has scored on every attempt. That's 12 out of 12. Still wearing that ski boot.

THEY SAID IT

• Coach Duffy Daugherty, asked how so many Hawaiians like Dick Kenney, his barefooted kicker, got to Michigan State: "First, they swim to California."

• Jack McMahon, Cincinnati Royal coach, on the night he rushed Nate Bowman to a hospital with an ankle dislocation: "Here's a 6-foot-10 guy in sneakers, and the lady's asking me, 'Profession?' "

• Tommy Prothro, the UCLA football coach, pleading with the press: "It isn't necessary to say that a football team loses. I prefer the language of the Olympics, in which you say somebody won second."

END



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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 28, 1965

ARKANSAS ON TOP OF

ART SHAY

In a comebeck efter a comebeck, brilliant Arkensas End Bobby Crockett (below left) falls out of bounds on the one-foot line with a 14-yard





THE WORLD

Everybody's wearing bright red and singing instant folk songs in the land of the Razorbacks, where a new dynasty may be in the making

by DAN JENKINS

There is this song, *Quarterbackin' Man*, and all across the state that is so speckled with red—bright red, Arkansas red—you can still hear it on the radio, most any radio, as you heard it for days before the game and on the day of the game itself.

"When Jon Brittenum was a little bitty boy,
Sittin' on his mammy's knee,
Well, he said to his mother, don't you worry now,
Big Frank'll make a quarterback o' me . . .

Big Frank'll make a quarterback o' me."

You hear it not only in Fayetteville or Little Rock or Fort Smith, but in Possum Grape and Poplar Bluff and Pea Ridge and Terrapin Neck, far along the leafy Ozark hills and then down in the river bot-

continued

pass seconds before Quarterback Jon Brittenum wedges inches past sturdy Texas Linebacker Tommy Nobis (60) for the game's winning touchdown.



toms where a wild hog—a razorback—looks for acorns when he's not listening to some barefoot fellow hollering at him, "Whoooo, pig, sooey!" or when he's not beating a Texan at football again.

You could hear this song about Jon Brittenum, who beat Texas last week 27–24, and another one about Harry Jones, who helped Brittenum simply by being fast and being there, and songs about last year's unbeaten team. There is, in fact, very little you can hear about in Arkansas now except Coach Frank Broyles's Razorbacks, who may be long gone toward college football's next great winning streak.

If the songs, as sung by groups called The Rivermen and Cecil Buffalo and The Prophets, did not have you convinced in the last few days before the game, the signs did. Like the songs, they were everywhere, at food markets, real-estate offices, bank buildings, restaurants, service stations and theater marquees. They said, "Go, Hogs, go. Beat Texas. Fryers 29¢ a pound," and, "Beat Texas. Apples $1.99," and, "No Vacancy. Beat Texas," and one of them was even on a church—the First Baptist Church of Fayetteville—and it said, "Football is only a game. Eternal things are spiritual. Nevertheless, beat Texas."

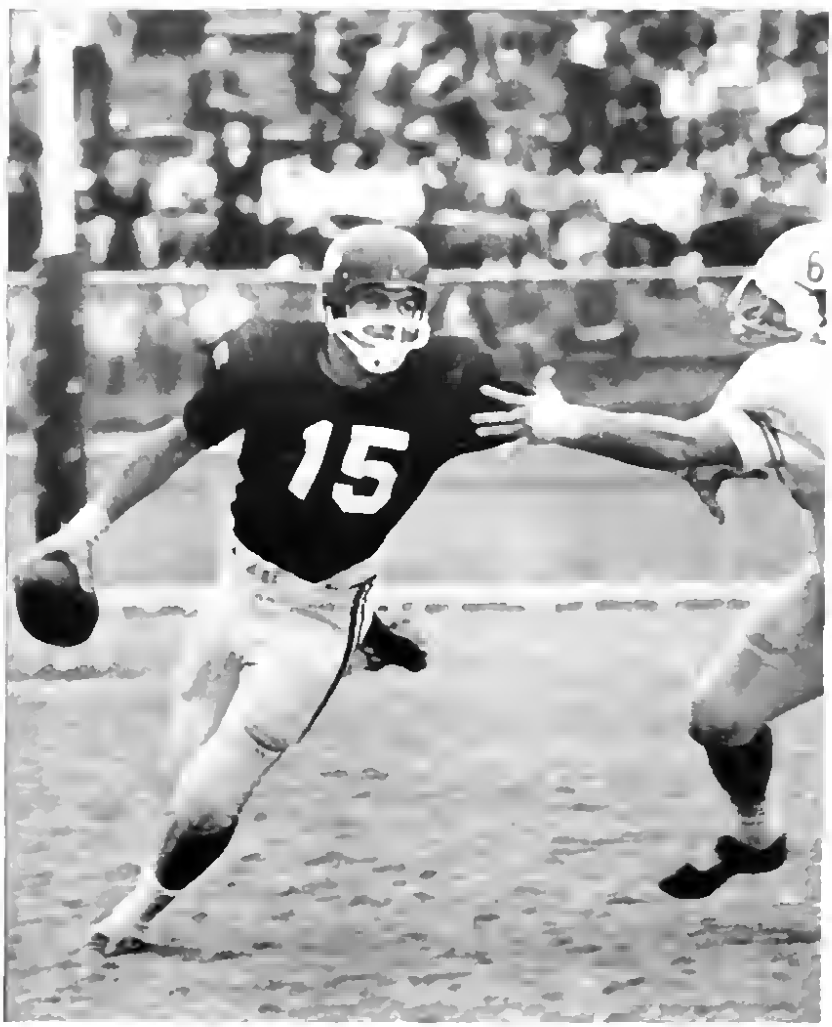
The people who made the signs wore red hats, red vests, red coats, red dresses, red ties, and the red banners were dangling down from high windows and roofs just everywhere, and the songs—instant folk songs—kept peeling all these layers off your brain, so how were even the amazing Texas Longhorns supposed to win a game in *that* atmosphere? They weren't. Even after the Longhorns came from a stunning 20 points behind to lead by 24–20 with just four minutes left and Arkansas was back on its own 20-yard line, Texas was not supposed to win last Saturday because of all this belief that had been mustered from the hills and river bottoms and given to Jon Brittenum and the fastest team in the land.

"Well, Jon, he said to the coaches,
Let me toss that pigskin around,
If I call the signals for your Razorback team,
I know I'll do the best I can . . .
You know I'll do the best I can."

Now in those last four minutes of the splendid, excruciating game that everyone knew it would be, Jon Brittenum did his best, all right. He completed six passes and drove Arkansas 80 yards to the winning touchdown while Frank Broyles's shirttail came out ("If Frank's shirttail don't come out," said a Razorback before the kickoff, "we know he ain't come to the game yet") and 42,000 people made noises that sounded like an attack from another planet, or Cecil Buffalo and The Prophets. When Brittenum, an unemotional and heretofore unpredictable junior from a town called Brinkley, punched into Texas' end zone from the one-yard line with just 1:32 left to play, a national television audience as well as all of Arkansas saw helmets sail into the air almost as high as Broyles jumped, and red-sheathed Razorbacks on the field and sideline hugging, kissing and weeping like soldiers who had been rescued.

It was the deservedly dramatic end, unreservedly glorious for Arkansas and frightfully bitter for Texas, to what had been a truly remarkable encounter. It was a game all twisted up with vicious fundamental excellence in one moment and burst apart by incredible mistakes in another by teams which usually make such mistakes once every, oh, three or four years. Consider how Arkansas ripped to its 20–0 lead in the first 19 minutes. Well, first, just consider *that*, a 20–0 lead over the No. 1 team in the nation, Texas, Darrell Royal's Texas, a team grimly dedicated to avenging last year's loss to Arkansas, which cost it the national championship, and a team which had never under Royal lost twice in a row to anybody.

For example, here was a 58-yard Ark-



Brittenum, who never lost poise despite fierce Texas rush, looks downfield for receiver.

ansas punt seemingly bouncing toward the Texas end zone, with the score 0–0, a routine play, with the teams still shadowboxing. Up pops Phil Harris, Texas' smartest, most talented halfback, to field it unwisely at his five even though Arkansas End Richard Trail was pouring down on him, no farther away than Harris' face guard. You could hear the lick. And the ball squirted conveniently across the Texas goal, where two delirious and equally shocked Razorbacks wrestled for it. Touchdown.

"Of course it was bizarre," said Broyles later. "But our kids were fast enough to be there to hit him and get the ball. Luck follows speed."

Now it's just 10 plays later, and Texas has driven 58 yards to the Arkansas 24. Texas, it seems, will get back by hard play what it has given away so easily. Harris slams into left tackle. Snap, crackle, crunch. Up pops the ball directly into the hands of Arkansas' Tommy Trantham, who has nothing before him except 77 yards of inviting sunshine. Touchdown. Said Broyles, "Harris cut for an opening without a real grip on the ball, and our tackle, Jim Williams, hit him awfully hard, and anybody in Terrapin Neck will tell you that Trantham is a fine football player."

The next thing Texas did was get convicted of holding on a punt, which forced it to punt again, the result being a difference in Arkansas' favor of 25 yards in field position. Brittenum, perhaps a little disappointed because Arkansas's defense was outscoring him, took over at his own 40 with Texas in a visible daze. He promptly dazed the Longhorns even more.

"Well, big Frank, he said to Jon Brittenum,
Come out, and show us what you've got.
And if you can fake and run and pass and block,
We'll use you in the quarterback slot,
You'd better know it,
We'll use you in the quarterback slot."

Brittenum wheeled the Razorbacks across in nine plays, hitting Harry Jones, the 9.6 halfback, on a 23-yard pass, running five yards on a clutch keeper himself, then beautifully firing an 11-yard touchdown pass to End Bobby Crockett, who caught last year's winning pass and hasn't been covered by Texas yet.

Thus ended the first stage of the game, the totally unreal part, where a Texas writer upstairs stood shaking his head and saying, "I never thought I'd see the day when the Longhorns could be driving the ball and I'd feel like Arkansas might score on any play." Texas had given up the two easiest touchdowns of Darrell Royal's career, and it was the worst a Royal team had trailed in seven years, and since Arkansas itself was strong and in fact favored by three points ("Arkansas has certainly come a long way," brooded Broyles during the week, "when it's favored over the No. 1 team in the country"), it looked like Arkansas could select the final score and even send in Governor Orval Faubus for a few plays.

A champion dies hard, however, and Texas, though one found it difficult to realize, had been moving the ball. Quarterback Marv Kristynik, who looks more like the team manager than the clever operator he is, was almost as hot as Brittenum. Using a new wing set outside the end with motion that confused Arkansas, he started the action one way, then threw the ball or gave it to a running back going the other way. And the blocking was superb, especially that of Guard-Linebacker Tommy Nobis, who played both ways despite three pounds of tape on an injured left knee. All the Longhorns had to do was hold the ball, and except for a few plays they did just that for the next 38 minutes, or until the game-winning Arkansas drive. The span was interrupted at half time when Royal merely wrote "21–20" on a blackboard and reminded his players who they were —Texans.

Kristynik hit two passes and drove Texas to within range of David Conway's first field goal, this one from 35 yards out. He hit three passes, all counterthrows back across the flow of action, in a 73-yard drive that ended with him scoring the touchdown himself on a one-yard sneak. That narrowed the gap to 20–11. Kristynik passed and ran the Longhorns to Conway's second field goal (34 yards) in the third quarter, which made it 20–14.

Still mixing his plays up, Kristynik appeared to have indeed won the game in the fourth quarter. He sent his runners into Arkansas' sagging middle, and when the Razorbacks stopped that he went outside himself. In seven quick plays he whirled the Longhorns 40 yards to the go-ahead touchdown, weaving and wriggling free from 14 yards out, after failing to find a pass receiver.

Conway's placement made the score 21–20 as Royal had ordered. But Kristynik, whose individual brilliance was largely responsible for Texas' big statistical edge in the game (401 total yards gained to 181, 23 first downs to 12), was not through. He sped away on runs of 19 and 16 yards and moved his team 51 more yards to another Conway field goal. Texas thus moved four points up and out of Arkansas field-goal range. The Texas band played *The Eyes*, Royal licked his fingers again, the bench grinned and not a "Whoooo, pig, sooey!" was to be heard anywhere.

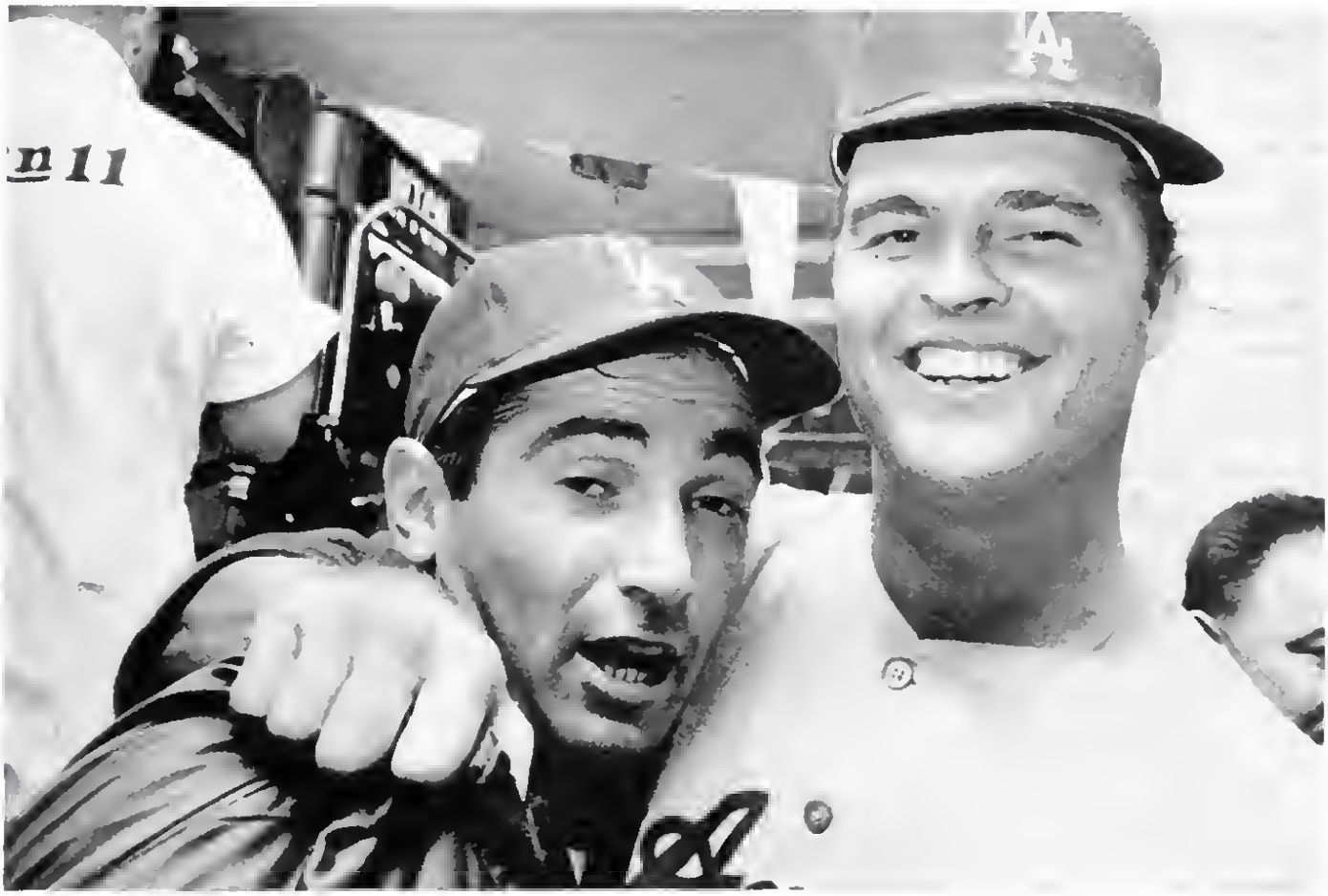
Had things ended there, the real hero of the day would have been a wealthy businessman from Houston named Jack Perry. One of Darrell Royal's closest friends, Perry flies around in a $600,000 Lear jet and proved his love of sport and the ability of his flying machine not long ago by attending a wedding in Baton Rouge, the LSU–Florida game in Gainesville and the Texas–Indiana game in Austin, all in the same day. Jack Perry is the man who went back just an hour before the Arkansas game to Fort Smith, where the Texas team had stayed Friday night, to get Marvin Kristynik's contact lenses. Without his contacts, Kristynik would have been of no more use to Royal than an acorn in a river bottom. He could not have played, could not have directed his best game for Texas nor sparked the finest comeback a Royal team ever has made. But Jack Perry was not the biggest hero.

"Well, Jon Brittenum, he rose to the challenge,
Just like all good Razorbacks do,
He worked on his plays every night and day,
And he worked on weekends, too . . .
He worked on weekends, too."

When Arkansas prepared for its last drive, Broyles was an emotional wreck, sickened by the fact that he had blown a huge lead—he, not the team. "Sometimes I hate myself because I won't throw deep in my own end of the field," he said. "They were making things happen; we weren't. But we could have, I think. We were concentrating on defense because they had us confused. Jim Lindsey is who rallied our team. Not me. I was a babbling idiot."

Jim Lindsey is a wiry, blond halfback

continued on page 78



THE FINAL STRENGTH WAS SANDY

The best pitcher in baseball proved to be the difference between two very different ball clubs. And an odd World Series should give the downtrodden American League real hope for the future

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Ten years ago, at the age of 33 and in his next-to-last season as an active player, Sam Mele had sat in the dugout of the Cincinnati Reds before a game with the Brooklyn Dodgers in Ebbets Field. He watched as a thin young man of 19 named Sandy Koufax warmed up for his first start in the major leagues. "He's fast," Mele thought. Koufax *was* fast. He pitched a shutout, allowed only two hits and struck out 14 Reds. The only ball hit hard off him came with two outs in the ninth inning when Mele lined a double deep into the left-field corner. Ten years later, the seventh game of the World Series was over, and Sam Mele, manager of the losing Minnesota Twins, sat behind his orderly desk at Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minn. His blue cap rested on his lap, and a cigarette burned in the black plastic ashtray in front of him. Again and again he pushed his fingers through his graying hair. After having seen his team shut out only three times in 162 regular-season games Mele had watched in frustration—and appreciation—as Sandy Koufax of the Los Angeles Dodgers did it twice in three games. Finally Mele smiled and said, "If anyone would like to make the World Series the best five out of nine games I would be willing to go on with it right now. But Koufax is murder. Great! The best I believe I have ever seen.

"You hate to lose, but we didn't disgrace ourselves. We were beaten by the best pitcher that there is anywhere." But baseball is fun when the best meets the best, when strength faces strength and the best strength wins. In the 1965 Series, the best strength came out on top in seven consecutive games. Granted, the strength came out early and gave a lopsided look to each of those first six games, but that was the pattern that both the Twins and Dodgers had followed all year long. For sustained excitement this Series did not match some of the great ones of the past, but it had many unforgettable moments as the strengths of both teams went to work to drive the

Exhausted Koufax and smiling Drysdale hug and mug in victorious Dodger clubhouse after winning three of final four games of Series.

opening wedge. The emotions of the players and their fans seemed to go from attic to basement quicker than in any Series since the Pittsburgh Pirates beat the New York Yankees in 1960.

The differences between Metropolitan Stadium and Dodger Stadium played a large part in this 62nd World Series. Each park is built in a manner that causes consternation to a team not used to its eccentricities. Dodger Stadium has an infield of crushed brick which causes balls hit directly downward to bounce high in the air. A fast man can get to first base before a fielder gets his hands on the ball. The baselines are slanted so that bunts will stay fair. The distant power alleys in left and right fields make homers difficult, and the pale-green fences make the hitters feel that those distances are even greater than they actually are. *On the other hand, Metropolitan Stadium* in Minnesota, with its shallow power alleys, begs for a hitter to try for a homer. When a player sees "the Met" for the first time he *knows* he can hit homers there.

In three of the games played at Metropolitan Stadium in Minnesota, the Twins used their combination of finesse and karate—speed and power—to make the Dodgers look futile. The Dodgers are a team built on pitching and speed but not power, and when their pitchers do not hold the enemy the value of their one-run, two-run offense is not only greatly reduced, it is almost totally obliterated. When Los Angeles falls behind, it no longer can gamble on the bases, and that is what happened to Los Angeles in Games 1, 2 and 6. But, in turn, Minnesota was forced off its game when it played in big Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles. The Dodgers used their speed to get a lead and used more speed to humiliate Minnesota while the Dodger pitchers stymied the Twins' power attack. The Twin tried to hit home runs in Dodger Stadium, and they managed a couple, but generally the home run balls were hit where the Dodger outfielders could catch them. And solid Dodger pitching by Claude Osteen, Don Drysdale and Koufax made it impossible for the Twins to use their hit-and-run. After Los Angeles took three straight games by a combined score of 18–2, just about everyone thought that the Dodgers would continue their running game when the Series moved back to Minnesota. But, like so many American League teams all year, the Dodgers forgot their good intentions and swung for home runs again. They tried to steal only once in Game 6, and it did not work. Moreover, the Twins' Jim Grant kept Los Angeles off the bases most of the day by simply throwing strikes. Of the 33 batters he faced, he got the first strike on 28.

Thus the baseball championship of the world had to be settled in one final game, and it was a magnificent one. Koufax seemed unsure of himself and struggled and fidgeted through the early innings. In the third he got a break when Umpire Ed Hurley called batter's interference against Joe Nossek after Zoilo Versalles had second base stolen. Then, ironically, the Dodgers—who had gone back to bunting in an effort to work a run home—got the first score by means of a homer. Lou Johnson hit it. Los Angeles picked up a second run when Ron Fairly doubled and Wes Parker, who hit .615 with men on bases in the Series, singled him home. Koufax got another break and was saved from serious trouble in the fifth. Jim Gilliam made an outstanding stop of Versalles' drive down the foul line with two men on and one out. That was it for the Twins, as Koufax grew stronger and stronger. When, in the bottom of the ninth, Minnesota got a runner on base with one out, it became a simple matter of the strength of Koufax against the strength of Earl Battey and Bob Allison. Koufax struck them both out. The Dodgers were the world champions.

By the time a World Series comes down to the seventh game it often proves little—though this Series proved again, in case there were any lingering doubts, that Koufax, as Roger Craig once said of him, "belongs in a higher league." The American League should realize that the Twins did not in any way disgrace their federation. By becoming the first non-Yankee American League team in 19 years to carry a Series to seven games, Minnesota established itself as a foundation stone of a new and stronger league. It would seem obvious that the Twins, who won their pennant by playing a fast-moving, National League style of baseball, are a team that has still not reached its peak.

For example, Shortstop Zoilo Versalles—though not yet a drawing card like Maury Wills—was the most impressive player all round in the Series. He is only 24. His fellow Cuban, Tony Oliva, the Twins' biggest failure in the Series (he hit only .100 with runners on base), is 24, has won the American League batting championship in each of his two seasons in the majors and is something very special to watch. During the Series many people said, "He plays the outfield like DiMaggio." Well, perhaps not quite, but Oliva does have grace and power and courage, too—he played in the Series with a damaged hand and with his injured left leg heavily taped with bandages and never said a word about it. Watch out, Henry Aaron. Take care, Roberto Clemente. Tony Oliva of the American League is coming down the road after you.

The entire National League, which prides itself—and rightly—on being much the better of the major leagues, had better watch out, too. The American League had many more young players of great potential this season than did the National. Consider Versalles and Oliva; Marcelino Lopez of the California Angels; Tony Conigliaro of the Boston Red Sox; Sam McDowell of the Cleveland Indians, who at 23 struck out 325 in 274 innings (compared to 382 in 336 innings for Koufax); Bert Campaneris of the Kansas City Athletics; Curt Blefary of the Baltimore Orioles; Willie Horton of the Detroit Tigers; Vic Davalillo of Cleveland; and Mel Stottlemyre, who won 20 games for the sixth-place Yankees.

There was some criticism of Versalles after the Series because, chagrined by defeat, he said in his accented English, "The Doyers were lucky." This was considered ungracious or inaccurate or something else, but all year long people in the National League had been saying the same thing about the Dodgers. Versalles also said defiantly, "The Doyers no win pennant in the American League." Way to go, Zoilo. You are probably wrong, but it's been a long, long time since anyone in the American League —other than the Yankees—has mustered enough pride to say anything like that. And maybe the rest of the league was listening. **END**

GETTING HIGH IN MEXICO CITY

Because the site of the 1968 Olympic Games is a mile and a half above sea level, an experimental Little Olympics was held to test the high altitude's effect on athletes. Conclusions? The best man will still win. **by BOB OTTUM**

There was an intense amount of athletic thrashing around in Mexico City last week in a program that could best be called the Cardiac Olympics. These games introduced such new events as freestyle blood-sampling and medicine-taking and are not to be confused with the real Olympics, which will be staged at the same location in 1968. This timing is a break for our side because the next three years are roughly the amount of time it is going to take for everyone to stop arguing about what happened last week.

One thing that did happen was that the U.S. and 16 other countries sent their first-string doctors and, for the most part, their second-string athletes to Mexico to determine—in a setting of splendid Latin concern—what becomes of people who pedal, run, jump, swim and throw things at the mile-and-a-half-high altitude of Mexico City. The worldwide worry over this situation began to develop about the time everyone was leaving the stadiums of Tokyo last year and has been growing steadily more grim. "There will be those who will die in Mexico," said one trainer not usually given to such enthusiasm, and other predictions went definitely downhill from that point.

There was so much international gasping for air that Mexico finally invited prospective participants to stop fretting and come on up and try the place. The Mexicans called the noble experiment the Little Olympics, but it was nothing of the sort. It was a week of pure science. Or almost pure. At its heady best, the Cuban boxers trained by lolling in the sun on the velvety green lawns along Avenida de los Insurgentes. "What altitude problem?" asked one of them, yawning widely. Swedes and Finns came down with dysentery. The French—who, after all, conquered Annapurna and ride bicycles over the Alps—studied the altitude with Gallic disdain, and Team Doctor Jacques Thiebault said, "We don't care if Mexico City is up or down." The Russians, who clearly liked Mexico better than wherever they had just been, indicated they will come back next year for still more tests. And in Chapultepec Park, where American Champions Billy Mills and Marie Mulder were running against a backdrop of statuary and taco carts, there was a doctor behind every tree with stethoscope and syringe.



Olympian Billy Mills jogs wearily in Mexico City's Chapultepec Park with pappy Marie Mulder.

Never mind who won what in the Little Olympics. Our doctors are coming home in triumph, carrying data that will dictate the course the nation will follow in preparing competitors for 1968. In the next several months you will see, read and hear a mass of scientific, semiscientific and pseudoscientific doubletalk. Boiled down it will say this: in 1968, when all the countries reassemble in Mexico City for the real thing, the U.S. will perform just about as well in some events and just about as poorly in others as it always has in the Olympics. The altitude will have an effect, but it won't make any significant difference.

If it did, then it follows that the native Mexicans and athletes from other lofty lands would win all the gold medals. But the Mexicans and the Peruvians and the Ethiopians are not—with the usual handful of exceptions—going to dominate the Games. The medals are going to go to the same old Russians and Americans and Germans and Japanese and Scandinavians and Italians and English who usually win them.

As far as performances are concerned, the magic number to remember is three. Any athletic effort requiring less than three minutes will have normal results. Anything requiring more than three minutes will have less impressive results than one might normally expect, and the longer the event the progressively less impressive the performance will be. In track and field, for example, times in the short races up to 800 meters will be as fast as ever, beyond that they will be progressively slower. Moreover, the participants in longer events will experience far more exhaustion than they would at a more congenial altitude—like sea level. Still, the world's superathletes who are expected to win will win as expected, or, as sometimes happens, they will be upset. In other words, form generally will hold. Some of the times won't be as

good as they were in Tokyo, four years before, but as one Mexican coach said last week, shrugging and spreading his hands eloquently, "What is so terrible about this?"

Of course, the altitude problem should not be oversimplified. Dr. Daniel F. Hanley, head of the U.S. medical survey squad, gathered up his bottles of test blood and said, "This thing is full of tricky medical pitfalls. Certainly sustained maximum effort will affect our athletes, but it will vary with each one. We know that a respiratory thermostat in the body will readjust itself to the altitude in time. The problem is to find out how long this readjustment will take."

"We put these kids through all these crazy tests," said Dr. Hanley. "We worked them to exhaustion, pulled blood out of them like mad, and still they tugged at our sleeves and wanted to talk about what was happening to them."

What was happening was wild enough. Billy Mills's stomach hurt so much one night that he got Dr. Hanley out of bed and was given a dose of phenobarbital to calm it and him down. "I find it pretty hard breathing here," said Mills, who won the 10,000-meter run in Tokyo. "There is this awful sensation of breathing deeply and not being able to pull enough air into your lungs. When you run, you feel like you've never run before. I'm cruising along on the practice track and I get ready to give it the final kick and I turn on that last big burst—and that last big burst isn't there. I don't know where it went, but it isn't there."

In the Mexico City dawn, heavy-eyed and cold, Mills ran steadily and stiffly with Marie Mulder, whose forte is 800 meters instead of 10,000 but who skipped alongside Billy as though Mexico City was as low as Death Valley. "I guess altitude has its effect," Marie said, "but not on me. I had a little trouble breathing at first, but not now. My only trouble is that when I'm training there's this gang of Mexican boys who pace me, and when I stop they stop, and it gets a little worrisome."

"I think the altitude is getting to Marie," said Mills.

Though the Little Olympics passed relatively unnoticed in Mexico City, enough interest was generated to bring 9,000 spectators out to University Stadium last Saturday. Two things seemed to attract the crowd: the sight of pretty girls running around in shorts, a prospect that arouses the track fan hidden deep in the Latin temperament, and the chance to see Mills and Australia's Ron Clarke go at each other in the 5,000 meters. Clarke, wearing a faded green shirt emblazoned with a boomerang, was more concerned with testing his reaction to the altitude than with winning. "When I was training earlier this week," he said, "I didn't feel anything at first. Ahh, but the second time was absolutely shocking. As a matter of fact, I didn't even finish what I started out to do. All this is a matter of time, isn't it?"

"You begin to acclimate," explained Dr. Hanley, "by first burning off the excess bicarbonate in your system. Then you start building more blood cells and hemoglobin, the oxygen-carrying factor in red blood cells."

Mills, like Clarke, had slight interest in the outcome of the race. "I shouldn't run unless I feel fit," he said, "but, after all, this is part of an experiment. So I guess the thing to do is stick to it."

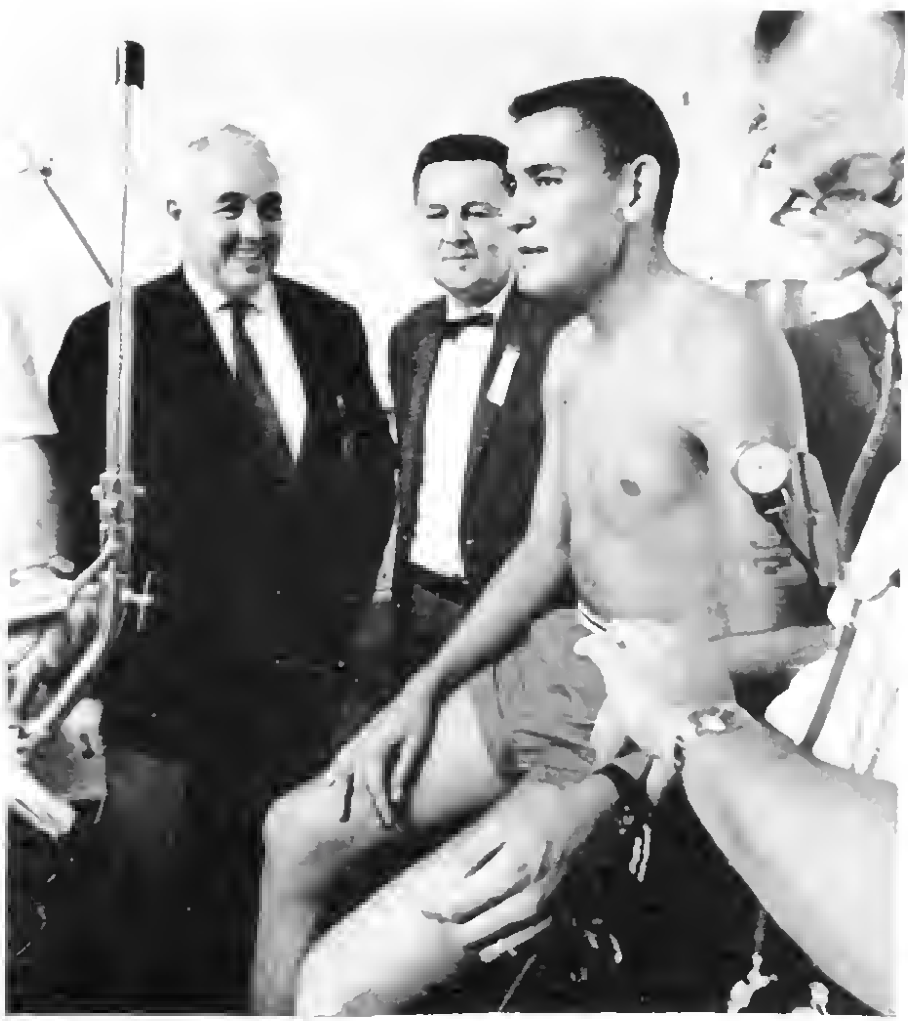
It was more a display of gallantry than a race. Mahomed Gammoudi of Tunisia, in a final, tired burst, beat Clarke and finished first in 14:40.6, which was a huge minute and 15 seconds off Clarke's world record. Mills, gasping for air, fell farther and farther behind with each lap and finished fifth in 15:10.2.

"This guy is a real man," Dr. Hanley said as he waited to take Mills's pulse. "He's genuinely sick, yet he's running."

"There'll be other days," Mills said. "I hate to lose a race. Oh, how I hate to lose one. But this was for the doctors."

Doctors are fine, but when the athletes reassemble in Mexico City in 1968 there will be no substitute for the adrenalin that actual competition will pump into those blood streams. Mario Tovar, the Mexican swimming team's trainer, sitting in his little poolside office last week with his feet on the desk, summed it up. "Aww, I don't know," he mused. "If everybody was the same, then everybody would be—the same, you see? And then we wouldn't have to hold the Olympics, no?"

END



Mills, bothered by stomach trouble in Mexico, patiently cooperated through a multitude of tests.

As they begin pursuit of their eighth straight title the stars of the world champion Boston Celtics are beginning to show their age, are more injury prone and have lost one of their longtime key colleagues, Tom Heinsohn. They will have to rely, more than before, on their savvy and cunning. The biggest star of them all tells how he uses such tactics to intimidate and bamboozle his opponents

THE PSYCH ...AND MY OTHER TRICKS

by BILL RUSSELL with BOB OTTUM

The first thing I am not about to do is look up the definition of psychology in the dictionary. Why bother? I mean, dictionaries are nice and all that, but did old Daniel Webster ever have to stand there at the top of the key and define five sweating monsters rushing down at him? He did not. Well, then.

I will not confuse you with Webster's words, because my definition of psychology is something else again, and I have been practicing it for a whole flock of years now and I ought to know. In my psychology you wear short pants and tape and sneakers, and this is the kind of thing you do

Say I am standing next to a rookie who has just come into the game—some hotshot college All-America who is not yet used to his rookie role. The action is swirling all around him, and I say to him, casually, "Hey, what's the matter with you, baby? Don't they ever pass that ball to you? What are you, a *nothing* on this club?" Oh, yeah, they laugh it off But you can see them thinking about what you said.

Or I find someone who is new in the league, and I stand next to him and hack and cough it up. Sometimes I feel I should get an Oscar for this. I know they're watching me out of the edge of their eyes, and they are figuring, "So this is the great Bill Russell. Hell, he's just a tired old cat. And here I am, as fresh as can be." They don't know that I have a reserve tank.

You say these are minor league tricks? Maybe. But you'd be surprised at how often they work. The thing is, you have to pick your spots. Let's say you are playing center opposite Wilt Chamberlain of the Philadelphia 76ers, and it is one hot and heavy game. The score is just about even, and it is the middle of the second quarter—the time when you're most tired before getting your second wind. Tired? Listen, you are so tired that your leg muscles burn, and you know in your heart that Wilt is as tired as you are. But you are both breathing shallowly so as not to give any sign of how you really feel. Now. Wilt is on defense, and he is leaning on you with all of his 250 pounds and you have your mouth up close to his ear and you say to him, pleasantly, "Hey, baby. I never thought I'd see the day when a great big guy like you would be pushing an old man like me around."

So what does Wilt say to you? Wilt says, "Don't give me that old psych, baby." (I have cleaned up that quote. I have also shown that psychology does not work every time. The trick is in knowing who to talk to under the basket.)

I have enough of these situations cataloged inside my head to do a master's thesis on *The Psychology of Basketball*, or *How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Spook the Opposition*. As a matter of fact, this *is* my thesis, and the next case is a psychological horror story.

This thing first happened years ago. Frank Ramsey, the star of the situation, is in retirement, but we still pull his old



trick often with K C Jones in Ramsey's role Now Here we have Nate Thurmond, 6 feet 11, of the San Francisco Warriors, who has a dandy little jump shot from about 15 feet out from the basket. He comes barreling downcourt, he stops short and he goes way up into the air off those powerful, springy legs Things are tough already, right? But to make it worse, because of a switch, Thurmond is being guarded at the moment by little Ramsey, who is just 6 feet 3 Now, Frank has been all over Thurmond like a swarm of gnats, but what is he going to do about that jumper half a mile over his head? Does Ramsey try to *jump with* Thurmond? He does not Ramsey runs at Thurmond, full blast Then, as Thurmond goes up into the air, Ramsey squinches down and runs right under him He doesn't touch him, just runs right under him, fast and low, going toward the opposite basket.

So here is Thurmond, hanging up there in the air with a head full of terrible worries. Things like 1) My God, am I going to come down on top of Ramsey and hurt myself? 2) Wait a minute! Ramsey is supposed to be guarding me Where does he think he's going? 3) How *can I* hit the basket with *all this* nonsense going on, anyway?

That was the idea, of course Then, about the time Thurmond was pushing the ball away, he would suddenly realize where Ramsey was going. Frank was going for the far basket, that's where And Thurmond knew, with that little stab of pain in his stomach, that if he missed the shot I would probably grab the rebound and fire off a long pass to Ramsey for an easy layup. This situation does not exactly figure to fill a shooter with an overwhelming mood of confidence. It would spook Thurmond something awful.

In our league I promise you that any team can beat any other team on a given night. The difference a lot of the time is all psychological. We use every little trick, every pressure, every mental gimmick we can. And there are certain rules that I live by We'll call them Russell's Laws.

Russell's First Law. You must make the other player do what you want him to do. How? You must start him think-

continued

AS LAST RESORT when psychs and tricks fail, Russell uses forceful gestures and sharp elbows.

ing. If he is thinking instead of doing, he is yours. There is no time in basketball to think: "This has happened; this is what I must do next." In the amount of time it takes to think through that semicolon, it is already too late.

Russell's Second Law: You got to have the killer instinct. If you do not have it, forget about basketball and go into social psychology or something. If you sometimes wonder if you've got it, you ain't got it. No pussycats, please. The killer instinct, by my definition, is the ability to spot—and exploit—a weakness in your opponent. There are psychological subrules in this category.

To wit: always try a rookie. If you score on him and he thinks that maybe you scored because you are Bill Russell the superstar, he is yours forever after and you can wear him like a bauble on a charm bracelet.

To wit, further: always try a veteran. In my first year in pro basketball I came up against veteran Johnny Kerr, now with Baltimore. I blocked so many shots on him that first night—perhaps you remember—that he was wild with rage. He was so fired up they had to take him out of the game. That is frustration. That is also psychology. (And I might point out that as soon as he calmed down enough that season Kerr deliberately changed his style of shooting when he played against Boston. That is a kind of reverse psychology.)

Russell's Third Law: Be cute but not cuddly. I mean, you should be nice at all times, but there is a lot to be said for an elbow in the chops when all else fails. This is forceful psychology. Last resort stuff.

Russell's Final Law: Remember that basketball is a game of habit. In getting good at it, we develop certain habits. Therefore, if you make a player deviate from his habits—by psyching him—you've got him.

Right about here I would like to insert another psychological situation. In every game there is a crucial turning point, right? It comes when you are eight points up on the opponent and they have the ball. Now. If *they* score, they are only six points down. If *you* score, you're 10 points ahead and you have broken the game open. Right?

If you believe the above statement to be true, you have just been psyched. A lot of players figure this to be true, but it ain't necessarily so. If you start believing in things like turning points, you are lost. You play your best. All the way.

In my own life there are some psychological high points. For example, at McClymonds High School in Oakland, where I began playing the game, I got a quick cram course. It boils down to this: never allow yourself to get angry while playing. In those days we had an all-Negro starting five, and those were explosive days, racially. Our coach, George Powles, knew it and we knew it, and one day before a game he called us together.

"Fellas," said Powles, "I know most high school kids occasionally get mad during games. But remember the spot you're in here. If you get mad and start a fight, it isn't just a fight. It's a riot. And you'll be the ones who are blamed. I'm not telling you not to get mad. But if you do get mad, use it to play better." It has stuck with me through the years.

My first experience with big-time, massive mob psychology came when the University of San Francisco was on its wild, 60-game winning streak in my college days. We were a great team—make no mistake about that—but once we got this terrible "unbeatable" monster idea loose, all we had to do a lot of times was show up at the gym and we had the game won. I remember the Christmas season of 1955 and the Holiday Festival Tournament in Madison Square Garden. These are critical games; careers are made and broken in this tournament. Well, here was UCLA, ready to meet us in the finals. UCLA had to be an awfully tough team to get that far. They were no patsies. In fact, there were those who were saying, "Here is where Bill Russell and San Francisco will get their lumps."

Somewhere out in this great land, maybe even today, there must be some tourney committeeman still kicking himself for what happened next. First, both teams were quartered at the same hotel. This is not the grandest thing in the world for two keyed-up college basketball teams. And, through a second terrible mistake, we both got assigned to the same dining room for our pregame meal.

There was the UCLA team around the table. Their coach had a rule, I think, that they had to eat in perfect silence; the idea was that they were supposed to brood on the game or something like that. Then *we* walked into the room like a big birthday party. We were laughing and shouting and throwing dinner rolls at each other and gagging it up and disturbing everybody in the place. We were also eating like crazy and, out of the corners of our eyes, we could see the Uclans coming apart. "Look, they're not even worried," those guys were thinking to themselves. "They're not in the least worried about us, about the title."

The game that followed wasn't much; the *meal* was one of America's great moments in sports. Honestly, we could have just thrown our sneakers out there on the floor and those guys would have jumped this high. We beat them 70–53.

Things are a lot tougher than that in the pros, of course, but psychology is always a help. Say we are playing Baltimore, and Walt Bellamy, as usual, is giving me trouble. Well, I do not breathe hard around Bellamy; he knows this psych. I breathe easily—to throw him off—but then I do not run down the court on the fast break, to throw him off again. He thinks I am tired but trying not to show it. When I feel he is relaxed, I burst down on the break, and we murder him. But this works just once and two points do not win a ball game. Now we are ready for our No. 1 play, which demonstrates that options are really psychological weapons.

K.C. Jones gives me the ball at the top of the key. He rolls up alongside me, and we both stand stock still for a split second; we are setting up a double screen for Sam Jones. Around comes Sam, and I hand him the ball and he is safe behind this fence that K.C. and I have built (assuming we have done our jobs correctly). Sam jumps and plops in an easy one. Baltimore seems to be getting anxious—which is just what we want.

Next time we get the ball, K.C. gives it to me at the top of the key. He rolls up alongside me, and we both stand still for a second. Here is Sam, going to beat hell, and he starts around us. Now. If we have played our parts right they are overplaying Sam. I quickly hand the ball back to K.C., who wheels and cuts in for the basket, all alone, and drops it through. Sure, you can call this plain old-fashioned basketball tactics. But we have so many options to this play that when K.C. gives me the ball at the top of the key, our team and their team start a series of split-second thinking matches, with fakes and switches and sleight-of-

continued



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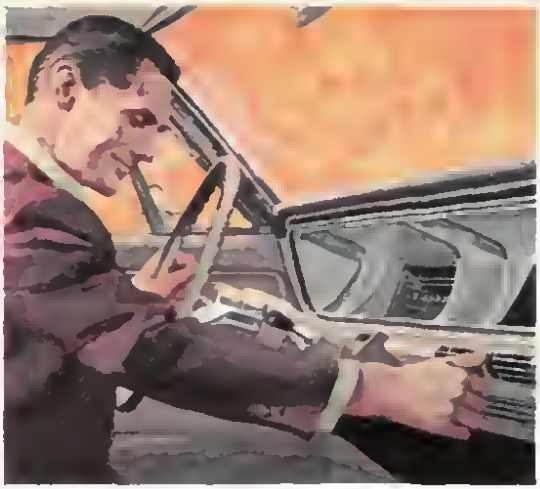


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hand moves all over the place. I call it psychology.

Now, over on their bench, the coach leaps up and yells, "Who the devil is guarding Jones?" and they all look a little embarrassed, including those who are not sure which Jones he means. I don't suppose we can take credit for that, but it helps, too.

I also have my own little game called block-that-shot. I've always said that I can block only from 8% to 10% of the shots taken against me—even if I'm lucky. The secret is in knowing *which* 8% or 10% I'm going to go after. Put it another way: if I block only 8% of the shots you take but 90% of the ones I go after, whose shooting is going to be affected?

The year before I came into the NBA, Neil Johnston was third in the league in scoring, and I was worried about him from the start. I wasn't worried about his shooting; Neil had a low-trajectory, soft little hook, and I figured I could block nine out of 10 of them. But this created a new problem for me. If I did block them Neil would surely change his style against me and come up with something I probably couldn't handle as easily. So I took the psychological route. I would let him alone just enough to keep him puzzled; block just enough so that he wouldn't get riled and try something new. I would keep a little mental boxscore and make sure the score came out in our favor. Or try, anyway.

In our senior years as pros, the Celtics have learned all the little tricks and all about each other. I have learned, for example, that K.C. Jones does not have a bagful of defensive moves. He has a whole *truckload* of defensive moves. He will pester a guy so much that the guy will start to look for K.C. even when he's not there. So help me, I have seen this happen: some pro who has been dogged by K.C. all night will suddenly get hard-nosed about it. "Well, by damn, I'll show *him*," this guy will say to himself. I mean, everybody has got his pride, right? So here is this fellow, and he's going to prove to the world that he can bring the ball up the floor against the mighty K.C. Jones. And here he comes, flashing and ducking and dancing and dodging, dribbling up a storm and dazzling everybody with his cross-handing. The crowd is cheering wildly. Hoo Ray. But the only thing is that the other four members of his team are standing around doing nothing and we—the Celtics—are just waiting for the show to end. We are all breathing easily—we rest during these little demonstrations, you know—ready to bring down the curtain by stuffing the ball down his proud little throat. It's that old routine about getting them mad.

One of my jobs is to be steerer for our team. This is a lot like the guy standing outside the sideshow tent steering people in to see the dancing girls. With the exception of a few superstars—those sneaks—I can steer most everybody in this league. Say they're rolling in toward me, and I want them to go to their right. First, I've got to get them thinking instead of playing naturally. I fake directly toward them with my head, and with my left arm extended—pointed straight toward their chest—and my weight on my left foot. This is not exactly the prettiest posture in all the world, and immediately they think, "Ah hah. Russell has his weight on the wrong foot." And, sure enough, they swerve right every time to go around me.

Now, I can whirl completely around quickly enough off the left foot (which turns out to be the *right*, or correct, foot after all), plant all my weight on my right foot, leap up, and when I'm at the peak of my jump, guess who has just shot—if my timing is correct. If I want them to move left, I swing my left arm over a little more to their right. You follow me here? I have very long arms, and they have *got* to move left.

There are exceptions all over the place, of course. Oscar Robertson for one. He won't move where I want him to. He takes one quick look at those long arms and he figures, "Now, now. He wants me to do *something*." So he stops short and shoots me to death from outside. Elgin Baylor is as bad. Sometimes worse.

Everybody in the league knows that Baylor—otherwise the complete player—can't move too well to his left. But in one moment of desperation in one of the playoffs I gave up trying to steer him left, and I let him come right. At the last minute I took one giant step sideways, and he ran smack into me and drew a foul for charging. I mean, it ain't exactly psychological, but you do what you can.

Now that you're full of psychological steam, you're ready to handicap the NBA this season. You probably figure right away that this is the year the Celtics will lose, because we are getting older and we tire more easily. Right?

So who needs to get tired? To play a game 48 minutes without falling over dead, I cut down the size of the court like an old boxer cuts down the size of the ring. I cut down *my* ring by staying out of the corners. What do I want with the corners, anyway? Willie Naulls is the last of the great red-hot corner shooters, and Willie is on *my* team, remember? I cut out the half-court corners, too, for a total of eight places I never go anymore. (Well, almost never. Don't go believing this too much or you've had it again.)

I'm starting a new, three-year contract and my 10th year in pro basketball—at age 31. Not long ago *The Christian Science Monitor* said that Bill Russell would be the next coach of the Boston Celtics. Well, maybe I could have the job if I wanted it when I'm through playing. But what have I got to gain from being a coach? I've got everything to lose. I'm like a gunfighter with a reputation. I've won a few showdowns at the tennis-shoe corral and everybody wants to try me. The team is in the same position. We used to have traditional rivals but, now that the Celtics have beaten everybody, everybody is our traditional rival. Everybody gets up for us, and sometimes when we come out on the floor we can feel the tension crackle.

A lot has been printed about how I tense up before every game. You know—get moody and throw up. Well, maybe I don't get up as high for the games now as I used to get. Now I just throw up for playoffs. Instead there are times, when I'm feeling especially moody, when I sit there on the training table and sort of dream. Trainer Buddy LeRoux is winding tape around my ankles, and I close my eyes and feel just like a gladiator. I promise you, I know deep inside, behind my ribs, just exactly how the old-time Roman gladiators must have felt in those tight moments before they went out there into the arena.

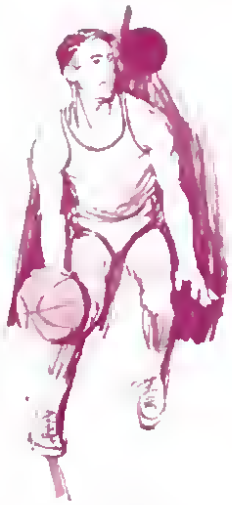
It is a weird sensation, I'll say that for it. But bring on the lions. All your best lions, please. We'll give them a few fakes, we'll talk to the rookie lions a little, we'll steer the other lions around, we'll spook them up. And maybe you'll see some lions with their manes down around their knees. **END**

TURN PAGE FOR NBA SCOUTING REPORTS

THE KIDS ARE MIGHTY USEFUL

Before the draft last spring pro scouts noted the absence of Wests, Russells and Robertsons, and declared this the worst rookie class in years. But for one reason or another—retirement, military service, even police action—nearly every NBA club is going to make good use of its newcomers. Rookies should make the Warriors a playoff team again, a rookie may change both the style and morale of the Bullets and a particularly bright one may help the Lakers to the title

LOS ANGELES



STUMPY GOODRICH

Among his many talents, Captain Elgin Baylor has the gift of bestowing nicknames that stick. For years, the Laker cast has moved in its own world with Baylor-inspired monikers—Zeke, Beefer, Mouldy, Pops, Hog. Enter Rookie Gail Goodrich, the little bundle of southern California sunshine, all 6 feet 1 of him. At UCLA, where All-America Goodrich played on two successive national championship teams, he was "Twig." Baylor took a look. "Around here," he said, "you're a stump." Now, to match the status of a nickname by Baylor, Stumpy Goodrich has made the team—on the basis of his play in exhibition games.

Goodrich is a lean 175 pounds, positively baby-faced and with long arms and huge hands that belie his size, much as Cousy's did. He will be the most watched rookie in the league, as he performs the last act in the drama that asks the question: Is Gail Goodrich big enough to play here? At 5 feet 8, they said he was too small for high school ball; at 5 feet 11, too small for college. On the Lakers, at any rate, there are no more skeptics. "Goodrich has a chance to become a great one," Coach Fred Schaus says flatly. In the exhibitions he scored, passed, worked himself open, played tough defense, and in one game against Boston not only led the Lakers with nine rebounds, but also blocked three shots and tipped in two rebounds. "Goodrich has a tough fadeaway jump," says 6-foot-10 teammate LeRoy Ellis, "that you just can't get at, I don't care how big you are." The only place where his size may really hurt Goodrich is on defense, if some of the league's taller guards are able to work him inside. But Goodrich has fine defensive instincts and muscling him will not be so easy. Just as his height is deceiving, so is his strength.

If Goodrich lives up to his promise, L.A. will have a fabulous backcourt. Jerry West is the "other" guard. (West may spend more time in the forecourt against smaller rivals this season.) Schaus had so many guards last year that he had trouble finding playing time for them all. It was a beautiful deal for L.A., then, when the team picked up Bob Boozer from the Knicks in exchange for Dick Barnett. Goodrich's shooting made Barnett expendable. Rudy LaRusso has long needed someone like Boozer to help on the boards—besides, of course, the ever-present Baylor who, though only 6 feet 5, still leads the team in rebounding each year. Elgin is in fine shape now; in the exhibitions he suddenly began making the wonderful Baylor rocking moves that supposedly had vanished as he struggled with bad knees. If he has indeed regained his old form, the Lakers not only should coast to a Western title, but could finally win their first NBA championship. They bear the stigma of perennial runners-up. West and Baylor both played on college teams that were national runners-up too. Schaus coached one. Stumpy, however, was a winner. He brings that, too.

BALTIMORE

In its four years of existence the Bullet franchise has experienced as much intrigue and confusion as a wobbly banana republic. The Bullets have been in two cities (Chicago before Baltimore), have had three nicknames, two litters of out-of-town owners, four general managers, five—count 'em, five—coaches and a grand total of 48 different players. Of what remains—name, players, stationery, owners, everything—only huge Walt Bellamy dates back to the Chicago era. For that matter only Bellamy, Forward Gus Johnson and Guard Kevin Loughery have been with the Bullets for as long as two seasons. Like guerrilla warriors, the Bullets do not believe in taking prisoners.

Nor, like guerrillas, have they been much concerned with defense or supply lines. Last year the Bullets comfortably led the league in giving up points, which negated the fact that they themselves were the second-highest scoring team. On offense, it was a scramble to see who got the shot. The defense was poorest in the backcourt. Never has a team so needed a big nonshooting playmaker who can cut it on defense. This is a very nearly extinct species, so Baltimore has been drooling over 6-foot-5½ Jerry Sloan of Evansville. The Bullets drafted him two years in a row before finally snaring him. New coach No. 5, Paul Seymour, who was a gritty playmaker type himself at Syracuse, is bringing Sloan along slowly because he is a quiet, retiring sort. However, if Sloan has not taken charge of the Bullet offense by midseason it will be time for Baltimore to break up that gang of shoot-'em-ups and start rebuilding some other way. So far, the shooters are all for Sloan. "That man *fires* the ball," said Gus Johnson (18.6) the other day, taking a Sloan needle pass for an easy practice bucket. Sloan could do wonders for Bellamy (24.8), the giant who traditionally leads the league in fines (for not hustling) and in pouting (for getting fined and because he thinks he doesn't get the ball often enough). Sloan is not much of a shot himself, but either Don Ohl (18.4) or Kevin Loughery (12.8) can handle the scoring from outside and the big men—Bellamy, Johnson and Bailey Howell (19.2)—are all good gunners.



HUSTLER SLOAN

Seymour figures Sloan can stir up a whole new defensive attitude, too: "He's the type that could get the old pros hustling. It's just great to see a player who *wants* to play defense. If we can get one or two guys going like Jerry, it can spread like measles. He does it the hard way, by grinding you," Seymour adds. "Jerry's not a villain. He just doesn't seem to realize that he hits so hard." Last year the Bullet guards were afraid to foul, and the opponents knew it.

While Sloan adjusts to the pros, Seymour will have other concerns—a weak bench, Bellamy and the effort to keep the Bullets within striking distance of the Lakers while Johnson recovers from last week's injury to his wrist.

SAN FRANCISCO

The luckless Warriors, struggling for a foothold among the hills of the Bay City, fell back into the valleys of depression last season. They came dressed to kill in bright new uniforms. And they were killed—63 times for a new NBA record. Coach Alex Hannum, acclaimed as a genius the season before when the Warriors won their division, was suddenly just a big man without much hair. Midway through the nightmare, the club traded Wilt Chamberlain in a St. Louis restaurant. Promptly, Wilt's replacement, Nate Thurmond, held up the management for a big raise. Trouble didn't end with the season. Forward Tom Meschery went to Algeria on a State Department tour, and that's when the revolution broke out there.



HANDSOME HARRY

Coming onto a scene like this, how can Rick Barry lose? The lanky rookie forward from Miami is blond, handsome and was last year's top college scorer (37.4). He ranked almost as high in rebounds and shooting. Indeed, there are few flies on Rick Barry. He even married the boss's daughter, Pamela Hale, the daughter of Miami Coach Bruce Hale. A team that was 17–63 can use a guy with moves like this. The Warriors desperately need shooters. With Wilt, the rest of the team shot .383. After he left they got all the way up to .387. The next worse team hit .414, and the difference is at least three baskets a game. So Barry, the good shot, steps right in as a starting forward with Meschery, a rugged hustler. That gives San Francisco the desired forecourt combination—muscles in one corner, finesse in the other. Barry played his role well in the exhibitions and was often high-point man. Said an impressed General Manager Bob Feerick: "He knows how to get the ball up there against the tough defense. Not only that, but he's performing so well in the other ways that we're really pinching ourselves." The only things that may hold Barry back are his slight build (6 feet 7, 200 pounds) and his proclivity for worry. He came up so *jittery* in his first match with the Celtics that he was lucky to scratch out seven points. Hannum looks for Paul Neumann to bring scoring punch to the backcourt. Neumann, who came in the Chamberlain deal, has the best eye on the team, but has been reluctant to shoot. The playmaker is there—Guy Rodgers, who is showing even more verve with his clever passing now that Wilt has gone—and there are other people eligible to score. In the pivot, Thurmond is back at his natural spot. He showed his gratitude for that (and the raise) by averaging 20 points and 20 rebounds a game after Wilt left—and those are figures that only Chamberlain and Jerry Lucas maintained for the full season. Thurmond has another good rookie, Davidson's Fred Hetzel, behind him, but Hetzel is out for a while because of a finger operation. The Warriors' defense deteriorated along with the offense and the morale last year, but Hannum is still a superb coach and will bring it back to his demanding standard.

CONTINUED

ST. LOUIS

Shortly after jazz came up the river from New Orleans, Ben Kerner brought Bob Pettit up from Baton Rouge and the rest of his motley Hawk franchise down the river from Milwaukee. The Milwaukee citizenry had not yet learned to pursue departing franchises, probably because, in the case of the Hawks, no one knew they had been there, much less that they were leaving. But in St. Louis things picked up right away, and within three years Kerner had a world champion—the last in New Testament times besides Boston.

Now Pettit is gone, back to the bayous. His sidekick, Cliff Hagan, who also recalls another era when 6-foot-4 forwards roamed the land, still plays a few minutes a game, but for the most part the Hawks are a colorless lot. Little Lenny Wilkens is the leader now, Zelmo (Mr. Clean) Beaty (16.9) is a pretty good man at center, and Player-Coach Richie Guerin still cuts up once in a while. But mostly the Hawks depend on precision, depth and good morale. Only Boston had a better defense last year, but the Hawks scored much less than any other playoff team. They finished second again in the West only because their tenacious type of play forces bad teams into mistakes. St. Louis had an amazing 26–4 record against the three nonplayoff clubs, but was only 19–31 against its own kind. Pettit was not himself. He missed 30 games and his average was down (for him) to 22.5; still, the Hawks are desperate for someone to replace him. The problem was not helped any when Paul Silas, who rebounded well as a rookie, was shot in the foot this past summer. Journeymen Bill Bridges and Mike Farmer and John Tresvant are what is left, so Pettit's halo is being measured for Jim Washington, the handsome 6-foot-8 first-draft choice from Villanova. Washington, who almost signed on with a Milan, Italy semipro team this summer, never averaged more than 15 points in his three seasons at Villanova, but the Wildcats always had good-shooting guards who got first crack at the basket. Washington demonstrated a pretty good eye in exhibition games. There has never been any doubt about his quickness or agility around the boards.



AGILE WASHINGTON

Guerin also needs quick improvement from Jeff Mullins, a second-year man who picked up a great deal of experience riding airplanes and the bench after the Olympics last year. Mullins shoots well but not often or quickly enough to replace Guerin in the backcourt. Richie wants to concentrate on coaching, which may not be the best idea around Kerner, who has already fired four of the other eight coaches in the league. (It is possible that he has not fired Schaus, DeBusschere, McMahon or Schayes only because he has so far been unable to hire them.) Guerin has done a good job, though, and the team likes him. But unless the Hawks can keep on murdering the humpty-dumpties they had better resign themselves to fourth place.

DETROIT

The Pistons have not become the saddest team in NBA history through any isolated happenstance. The credit must be shared. This status has been painstakingly achieved through the combined offices of bad management, good food, Demon Rum, John Law and Uncle Sam. And now nothing in the negative is impossible for Detroit this season—neither San Francisco's mark of 63 losses, nor the old Providence Steamrollers' .143 winning percentage. Detroit is bad now but, on the other hand, as the season wears on it might get worse.



CHUBBY BUNTIN

Least accountable for the disaster is Dave DeBussehere, the youthful player-coach, who just gave up baseball in order to suffer this agony year-round. You can't blame Dave because the Army took his leading scorer, Terry Dischinger; because the Detroit police took his leading rebounder, Reggie Harding; because Owner Fred Zollner has made some atrocious trades in the past. This year Zollner's mistake is contracting for the Pistons to play 80 NBA games. DeBusschere is a yearling Job. He just turned 25 last week, but birthdays do not cheer him. It was, said Harding, then the Pistons' 7-foot center, merely a "birthday drink" with friends that he was having when the cops busted in. It was also 4 o'clock in the morning, and the Pistons' training camp was opening that afternoon. The week before, Reggie had bopped a police officer in the face, and that had not set well with either the police or the NBA. So Dave lost his center. The Pistons moved Forward Ray Scott to the pivot and started negotiating again with Bill Buntin of Michigan, their top draft choice.

Buntin is only 6 feet 7 and figured as a forward, but the Pistons were desperate. Finally, they gave in to most of his demands and Buntin showed up fat and happy. He was three weeks late and 30 pounds overweight, but teammates were without rancor. "We need all the help we can get," said Corner Man Jackie Moreland, a longtime sub and, obviously, a realist, before he was put on waivers. DeBusschere, his own best player, will be at one forward and Eddie Miles and Rod Thorn are set at the guards. Tom Van Arsdale jumped the team for a while, but is back and may eventually move up as a starting guard. Last year's top rookie, Joe Caldwell, is a front-court contender, and Buntin may switch to forward, too, if Detroit can ever dig up a *real* center. Even if he trims down, however, there are doubts that he is fast enough in the corner, but he is very strong and rebounds well. At center, opponents have up to half a foot on him, and Buntin is already working on drawing them outside with his good soft touch. Detroit considers him as just a warmup in the local-boy department. The one the Pistons really want is Cazzie Russell, who graduates in June. Now that the territorial draft is passé, they must finish last to get Cazzie. They have nothing to worry about.

CONTINUED



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BOSTON

In the final minutes before they stroll out on the playing floor, the Boston Celtics sprawl around their dressing room in poses of taped serenity, like boxers on rubbing tables, limp and sleepy-eyed. Except one man. Ronnie Watts sits on a bench, 6 feet 7 and 230 pounds, flexes his shoulder muscles and breathes hard. He knots and unknots his hands. Then he slips a white rubber mouthpiece under his upper lip and bites down on it savagely. When he smiles the effect is ghastly. "This here rookie," says Coach Red Auerbach, "is a mean one."

With good reason. Watts is in roughly the same spot as Barbra Streisand's understudy. A rookie who hopes to make this squad has to believe he is the toughest, meanest newcomer in the pro basketball world—and even then he must face the prospect of not getting into a game until after Auerbach has lighted up his victory cigar. True, after seven consecutive world championships, the betting odds are inexorably swinging against the Celtics. Sooner or later they must miss one; the league is agreed on this much. But there is little reason to believe this is the year. Forget that Auerbach has had last pick in the draft for nine consecutive years. He has the knack of buying up NBA rejects and retooling them to Celtic caliber—the latest is Si Green, just purchased from Baltimore. And with a lineup that includes Bill Russell, K.C. and Sam Jones, Tom Sanders, Willie Naulls and John Havlicek, he can take his time in the process. Last season Oregon State's Mel Counts almost developed a smoker's hack sitting next to Auerbach. This year, says Red, he will be the better man for it. Other occasional Celtics, true to Auerbach's formula, will emerge as regulars—if not stars—this season. Larry Siegfried, his confidence in his scoring ability restored, will start often, and Ron Bonham, always a deadly shooter, is coming around on defense. Rookie Watts's role in this cast—if he can just get on stage—will be to supply the muscle at forward alongside Sanders, replacing Tommy Heinsohn, who has retired to a life as the world's highest-scoring insurance executive. Watts is admirably suited for this action. "He figures he owns the backboards," says Auerbach. "Somebody gets a rebound from him, he gets mad as hell." Watts also faces a potential threat in former Philadelphia-St. Louis Forward Woody Sauldsberry, who is available and wants to become an Auerbach restoration and who has an edge in experience.



BRUISER WATTS

Last week Auerbach, still acting uncommitted, mused that "we might not have a rookie this year." There were the faintest signs he might waver. "That Watts," he said. "Boy, When I came out of the draft meeting at the Plaza in New York, who was waiting for me? Watts, my No. 2 pick. He wanted to tell me what a good choice I had made."

PHILADELPHIA

There was a terrible night in Raleigh, N.C. recently when Billy Cunningham must have wondered what a sweet, unspoiled lad like himself was doing in a place like that. The blooding of a professional basketball rookie—even in exhibition play, as this was—often is a sight to make strong spectators turn aside. Since this game was in the area where Cunningham was a college whiz (University of North Carolina), the Philadelphia 76ers played him more than they would the average rookie. For the same reason, the education-minded Boston Celtics played him in their own grim way. It was, for Cunningham, a memorable evening of catching knees, elbows, forearms and backsides. Bruises notwithstanding, the fact that he lived the night through (Philadelphia won 103–100) indicates that Billy is not a rookie to be shouldered aside.



SWINGMAN CUNNINGHAM

The Eastern Division's almost-champions last year (they lost the title on one unhappy play that Boston diagnosed and blocked), the 76ers now have a refurbished look about them. For one thing, they will begin the season with Wilt Chamberlain, who joined them at midpoint last year. For another, they now have Wally Jones, no rookie but hustling like one, to complement Hal Greer's hot hand in the backcourt. Finally, Lucious Jackson and Chet Walker have mastered their trade and are ready to produce up to capacity. Under these conditions rookie Cunningham seems to fit handily, though he likely will be in the middle of the action a great deal right from the start because of the lack of experienced depth, which is Philadelphia's big weakness. What Cunningham can provide is a man to work a swing shift like the Celtics' John Havlicek—tall for a guard but mobile enough to handle that job, fast as a forward and therefore hard to handle in that position. Former college center Cunningham, at 6 feet 5½, seems adaptable.

The night of Cunningham's initiation in Raleigh also marked the introduction of onetime Villanova star Jones in a Philly uniform. He impressed both sides with his playmaking and ball handling. "This kid," said Coach Dolph Schayes, hopefully, "could make me a genius." Genius or not, the likable Schayes may be in for a heady year, though those who insist that a full-term Chamberlain will make all the difference should be reminded that the 76ers were 22 and 23 before Wilt last year and only 18–17 after Wilt. Chamberlain makes any squad tough and is the only man in basketball who gives you an even chance when the other team has Bill Russell. But the tactical demands of using him to his best advantage severely diminish his own team's versatility and generally create morale problems among those who want the ball as much as he does. In a short two-team series Philly could beat anyone in the league. Over an 80-game season it is still a second-place club.

CONTINUED

NEW YORK

It is reassuring to note, in a fast-moving world, that the Eastern Division has for years leisurely devoted the months of October, November, December, January and February to eliminating the Knickerbockers. The rule that has made this possible is obviously an agreement among gentlemen, and it has given the Knicks every opportunity, however wearing on the fans that might be. Now—hold the smirks—it is possible that there will finally be basketball competition in the division all season, not just in the playoffs. The truth is that there has been competition in the East since midway through last season. For the last seven weeks the Knicks had the same record as Cincinnati (18-19), they played only a game or so behind Philadelphia's pace and only, for that matter, half a dozen games worse than Boston's. New York is short on experience, but the team has talent, exceedingly good depth and is improving rapidly.

The Knicks also seem to have eased their backcourt problem considerably with an 11th-hour trade, getting the Lakers' Dick (Fall Back Baby) Barnett for Forward Bob Boozer. Barnett, a marvelous off-balance shooter, should also give the Knicks a colorful gate attraction. So—all together now, sing one chorus of *Who Needs You, Bill Bradley?*—it appears that New York could finally finish ahead of someone, probably the Royals. Red Holzman has done a superb job of scouting, forcing the Knicks to go with youth. Coach Harry Gallatin had three rookies playing more than anyone else last year—Rookie of the Year Willis Reed (19.9), Bad News Barnes and little Howie Komives. Holzman has come up with another good trio this year, and they pushed some veterans into unplanned retirement. All three rookies were collegiate forwards, but the Knicks have already shifted 6-foot-4 Dick Van Arsdale to the backcourt, and 6-foot-7 All-America Dave Stallworth will be moved there soon. Gallatin undoubtedly has observed Stallworth's fondness for the ball and his petulant air when it is not promptly passed to him. In addition, the word is already out among NBA corner men that Stallworth does not enjoy a scrap. However, no one is demeaning his other skills—the players think he has the moves, vision and shooting and passing ability to cut it in company with the Joneses and Wests, and he does have four inches on most of them. Not surprisingly, Gallatin—a stolid old rebounder and defender himself—is more concerned with Stallworth's defensive shortcomings. He suffers particularly by comparison with the third new man, Barry Clemens, who will stay at forward. Clemens has the same skills Gallatin had—and reminding the coach of his own days of glory is not a bad quality in a rookie. Clemens has lots of muscles and is studying to be an optometrist. Stallworth is studying to be a superstar. Holzman is already studying next year's draft list, fortunately for Ned Irish.



KEEPER STALLWORTH

CINCINNATI

Five days before the season opened the Cincinnati team came to contract terms with management, the Cincinnati team—and franchise, if you will—being Oscar Robertson. "Listen," one Royal had said during the holdout, "they can cut me 25% and give it to Oscar if it means bringing him back. That's how important he is to us." Wisely, the player did not make this statement within earshot of the front office or he might have had a deal. As it was, the Cincinnati team finally signed for about $70,000 cash, various bonuses based on the gate, and the use of a car.



BIGMAN McGLOCKLIN

Not that all the Royals admire Oscar's personality, on or off the court, but he means so much to the team that the weeks spent practicing without him might just as well have been spent playing amiable games of horse. This year, however, even with Oscar, the Royals are going to have to struggle to make .500—which is all they managed the second half of last year anyway. Perhaps this is why Osear wanted more of that cold-cash guarantee, for since the dream of threatening the Celtics faded, so has the gate. The Royals have not exactly been Auerbachs in the draft, their only good choices in the last few years being Oscar and Jerry Lucas—territorial picks that hardly required much acumen. This year the draft disaster was not management's fault, however. The first two choices—Nate Bowman of Wichita and Flynn Robinson of Wyoming—were clipped by injury and illness. But the third choice, Jon McGlocklin of Indiana, not only seems to be a real sleeper but also precisely what the team needed, the big guard to replace retired Arlen Bockhorn behind Robertson and Adrian Smith. McGlocklin, a dedicated young man, is 6 feet 5 and 205, but he was pretty much overlooked at Indiana, where the Van Arsdales outnumbered him. On campus, though, he was referred to with respect as "The Third Twin," and quietly managed to average 17.2, hit 54% and become something of a legend as a free-throw shooter. He hit 91 for 100 in practice and left the line muttering deep disappointment. McGlocklin has the advantage of having played guard as a collegian, which few kids 6 feet 5 ever do. The Royals need height most everywhere. Coach Jack McMahon had counted on Bowman to bring some to center, where Wayne Embry glares up at the monsters. Embry suddenly became injury-prone last year. Forward Jack Twyman is only 6 feet 6 and all of 31, and All-Star Lucas—though he has never looked better—has the maximum possible number of bad knees. McMahon has three good bench forwards—Tom Hawkins, Happy Hairston and Bud Olsen—which gives him some option there, but Osear must carry this team more than ever. The car the Royals gave him won't help for that kind of portage. **END**

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK

Arkansas survived and so, by handsome margins, did Nebraska and Michigan State. But where a week before there were 18 unbeaten and untied major teams, now at midseason there were only eight. Gone, among others, were game little Georgia and a fumbling Duke. Gone more ignominiously were West Virginia, Mississippi State and Texas Western. But Tennessee (next page) was a pleasant—and lucky—surprise. Purdue with Bob Griese to its credit and a tie to its discredit, won another close one, and once-tied USC, riding the mercurial legs of Mike Garrett, downed once-tied Stanford in the big Coast game

Halfback Mike Garrett is a stunning outside threat. Halfback Mike Garrett (same guy) is as great a threat running inside. But then, Mike Garrett is also a fearsome threat as a pass receiver. And sometimes as a passer. And as a kick-return specialist. And as a blocker and defensive back, because he hits hard enough to maim. And, what is more, he is a threat to the outer limits of the unrestrained demeanor of his head coach at the University of Southern California, Johnny McKay. McKay feels he is being conservative when he says that Mike Garrett is not only the greatest player he ever coached, but "the best college player I have ever seen." McKay is afraid that one of these days Garrett will do something so marvelous that he, McKay, will *really* have to open up.

But for the time being, routine is good enough. Garrett's routine is striking in its simplicity: Quarterback Troy Winslow gives him the football to run 25 or 30 times a game, and Garrett gains about 150 yards. Winslow also passes to him a few times and, together with the finely balanced, deft-blocking USC attack, the result is routine victory piled on routine victory. The Trojans have now won four straight since a season-opening tie with Minnesota, the fourth a 14–0 shutout last Saturday of a Stanford team considered by many in Palo Alto as the school's best since World War II. Predictably, this kind of routine will carry USC into the Rose Bowl.

Stanford Coach John Ralston had a plan for 12-point-favorite Southern Cal. "Give Garrett his 130 yards," Ralston said, "because he will get them anyway. Give him 150 even, or 175; but cut him off at the goal, don't let him go for the long touchdown run and make sure the other three guys don't kill you." For 52 minutes 45 seconds Ralston's plan of containment worked just fine. It was a 0–0 game. Garrett, his 5-foot-9, 189-pound body moving forward, always forward, carried 27 times for 103 yards, but never for more than 12 yards at a time. And whenever the Trojans got close—once as close as the Stanford one-yard line—they were steadfastly shut off.

Now it was the fourth quarter, third down and seven for the Trojans on their own 23. Winslow brought his team out of the huddle into the I formation with Garrett set to the left on the strong side. With the snap, Winslow pivoted and faked to his fullback, then rammed the ball into the belly of Halfback Rod Sherman, flying in behind the fake. Garrett took two quick jab steps toward the Stanford end, then wheeled and headed back toward the weak side. Both USC guards pulled on the delay, and Winslow yanked the ball back out of Sherman's belly and slipped it into Garrett's hands. Right Tackle Chuck Arrobio wiped out the Indian tackle on the weak side. Jerry Conroy and Frank Lopez, the guard escort, headed into the hole at weak-side tackle ahead of Garrett. Conroy took out the linebacker, Lopez the tackle. Garrett, his 9EE shoes scratching for traction, seemed to hesitate briefly, stutter-stepping, then darted to his left, parallel with the line. Winslow caught the move out of the corner of his eye and took off downfield ahead of the play. Now Winslow was joined by the fullback, Gary Fite; Sherman went for the Stanford safetyman, Fite for Corner Back Craig Ritchey. But Ritchey slipped him and appeared to have the angle on Garrett. Then along came Winslow again, a frail-appearing figure but a giant of a blocking quarterback, to send Ritchey flying. Garrett was free on a 77-yard touchdown run.

"That was it. When Garrett broke that one off, it was too much, just too much," said a dejected Ralston, speaking softly in the bombed-out quiet of the Stanford dressing room. "We had them on the ropes; we had the tempo, we were in complete command of everybody except Mike Garrett."

Garrett wound up with 205 yards on 31 carries. He has yet to be held under 146 yards—in the previous four games he rushed for 146, 154, 172 and 175 yards. A point to be made, however, is that when the opposition tries to lean on him McKay has another fine runner in Sherman—he got the insurance touchdown against Stanford on a 25-yard run—and a thinking quarterback, who knows how to get the most out of McKay's imaginative attack. And perhaps most important, as McKay will admit, "We have the best blocking since I've been at USC."

Led by excellent blockers, USC's marvelous Mike Garrett rips into an outmanned Stanford line for short gain.

CONTINUED





It was Alabama's crimson against the bright orange of Tennessee and a bruising collision of two fine lines as Wingback Hal Wantland tried to ride over them. Denied a touchdown on the second-period play shown above, Tennessee scored on the next to tie favored Alabama before 70,000 at Legion Field in Birmingham. In a rivalry dating back to 1901,



the Tide has won 22 games to Tennessee's 19—there are now seven ties—and would have won another had it not turned in the kind of muddling-through performance Coach Bear Bryant is unknown for. His team fumbled away a big chance at the Volunteer 19-yard line in the second period, at the one on first down in the third quarter. But the worst was yet to come: after 'Bama drove 61 yards to the Tennessee four, sophomore Quarterback Kenny Stabler frantically threw the ball out of bounds to stop the clock with seconds left in the game. The idea was faultless, but it was based on an unfortunate false premise—that his team had a first down and goal to go. It actually was fourth down.

CONTINUED


90
57

THE MIDWEST 1. NEBRASKA (5–0) 2. MICHIGAN STATE (5–0) 3. PURDUE (4–0–1)

When Ohio State Quarterback Don Unverferth was driven into the turf of his own end zone last Saturday, providing MICHIGAN STATE with a 12–0 lead and evoking George Webster's ecstatic leap (*left*), it became suddenly clear that the Spartans were quite capable of winning the Big Ten title. Even Coach Duffy Daugherty, ordinarily not an unrestrained optimist, bubbled over following the 32–7 rout of the Buckeyes. "You know," he said, "these fellows have yet to realize their full potential."

Their potential, which will be tested by Purdue on Saturday, was good enough to hound Ohio State's treasured ground game into a minus 22 yards. Meanwhile, with Steve Juday throwing a touchdown pass and quarterbacking masterfully, the Spartans struck for 538 yards in total offense. Halfback Clint Jones scored twice (once on an 80-yard run), Fullback Bob Apisa got his fifth touchdown this year and barefooted Dick Kenney kicked his ninth field goal.

If there is such a thing as an indispensable man in college football, it has to be PURDUE's Bob Griese. He had thrown two *touchdown passes and kicked both extra* points in the second half against Michigan, but still the Boilermakers were behind 15–14 with 4:37 to go. So Griese calmly took Purdue 71 yards to the Michigan 18 with five passes and then, with 55 seconds left, kicked a 35-yard field goal that barely edged over the post. The Boilermakers won 17–15.

MINNESOTA and WISCONSIN were also unbeaten in the Big Ten. The Gophers hit Iowa with two quick scores—in 22 seconds of the third quarter—to beat the Hawkeyes 14–3. Wisconsin surprised Northwestern 21–7. ILLINOIS Fullback Jim Grabowski hammered Indiana for 186 yards to break Red Grange's career rushing record (with 2,177 yards) and scored twice as the Illini won 34–13.

NEBRASKA had another cakewalk in the Big Eight. The Huskers battered Kansas State with 434 yards in total offense and trounced the Wildcats 41–0. But MISSOURI had to settle for a 14–14 tie with UCLA. Down 14–0 to Gary Beban's talented passing, the Tigers caught up on Ray Thorpe's 79-yard kickoff return, Johnny Roland's 67-yard punt runback and then Roland's two-point pass to Earl Denny. COLORADO needed Frank Rogers' 33-yard field goal with 21 seconds to play to tie IOWA STATE 10–10. OKLAHOMA scored its first win, over Kansas 21–7.

Squeakers were the rule in the Mid-American. BOWLING GREEN just did beat stubborn Toledo 21–14 when big Tom Luettke charged over from the two in the last minute. KENT STATE had to come from behind to tie WESTERN MICHIGAN 10–10, and Ohio U. almost edged undefeated XAVIER. But Carroll Williams, who ran and passed for 337 yards, threw a 40-yard pass to Dan Abramowicz to win for the Musketeers 21–19.

Jumping for joy, Spartans' Webster hovers over teammate Don Bierowicz after Unverferth is dumped for safety.

THE EAST 1. NAVY (3–1–1) 2. SYRACUSE (3–2) 3. ARMY (3–2)

Before the season, when NAVY's new Coach Bill Elias told friends that his team had a chance to win every game, they generally smiled and shrugged. Syracuse's victory in the opening game proved them right—but not by much. Navy tied Stanford, then beat Oklahoma and William & Mary and last week Pittsburgh. The Middies' secret has been a free-wheeling defense that stunts, blitzes and goes at quarterbacks with the ferocity of pit bulls. For Pitt, it also had a surprise. "We noticed in the films they were taking too long to kick," Elias said later. "We thought we could block one and practiced it all week." Sure enough, when Andy McGraw went back to punt in the second quarter, Left End Ray Hill stormed in, blocked the kick and Navy recovered on the two. On the next play Fullback Al Roodhouse scored. After that the Panthers never had a chance. Led by Linebackers Chris Hoch and Gary Gray, Navy's fast-charging defenders dropped Pitt's Kenny Lucas for 100 yards in losses, the offense scored again on Bruce Bickel's 21-yard pass to Steve Shrawder, and the Middies won their third straight 12–0.

The teams that were supposed to be the best in the East—Penn State and SYRACUSE—got together to decide merely which is better of the two. Syracuse is. Penn State set out to control the ball and succeeded admirably. It ran 91 plays to 36 for the Orange, outgained Syracuse 387 yards to 193 and led in first downs 25–8. What it did not control was Syracuse's Floyd Little. Running out of a quick I cooked up by Coach Ben Schwartzwalder especially for the occasion, the talented halfback turned the Lion flanks for 25 and 69 yards and ran a punt back 91 yards, all for touchdowns. The Orange won 28–21.

Before his team played ARMY, Rutgers Coach Johnny Bateman was worried about the Cadets' strong defense. "Boy, how they hit," he said almost wistfully. They did, and won too, 23–6, but not without some anxious moments as the Scarlet Knights managed to pierce the Army line for sizable gains. Cadet Fullback Mark Hamilton broke away for 39 yards and Tailback Sonny Stowers crashed over for two touchdowns.

The Ivy contenders were performing much as expected. Unbeaten PRINCETON, totally unimpressed by undefeated Colgate's supposedly impregnable defense, smashed the Red Raiders 27–0 as Ron Landeck and Bert Kerstetter ran through it and Charley Gogolak kicked over it. Gogolak side-kicked three extra points and two field goals to set two NCAA records—for career points by kicking (135) and field goals (22). DARTMOUTH's defense, statistically best in the nation, was breached by Brown for 251 yards, but the Indians won anyway 35–9. HARVARD, another challenger, was happy to settle for a 3–3 tie with CORNELL. Even the have-nots had fun. COLUMBIA surprised Yale 21–7 and PENN edged Bucknell 16–13 on Carl Henderson's 18-yard field goal in the last second.

BOSTON U. and HOLY CROSS, two of the lesser independents, played to a 7–7 tie, while DELAWARE caught Villanova 24–21 when sophomore Mike Zauzig kicked a 30-yard field goal with 4:39 to go. Little MAINE is only a game away from the Yankee Conference title. The unbeaten Black Bears trounced Connecticut 24–6 as Frank Harney scored three times and Quarterback Dick DeVarney threw his eighth touchdown pass.

THE SOUTH 1. FLORIDA (4–1) 2. LSU (4–1) 3. GEORGIA (4–1)

For almost the first time in recent memory the Southeastern Conference was without an unbeaten and untied team at midseason. Georgia and Mississippi State, the last two, both went down hard, and now TENNESSEE, which tied ALABAMA 7–7, is the only SEC team without a loss.

Georgia was as plucky as ever, but all the willpower in the world could not pull the Bulldogs through against rough, tough FLORIDA STATE. Led by crashing Linebacker Bill McDowell, the Seminoles punished the Georgia backs—Halfback Bob Taylor suffered a broken leg in one pileup—then won 10–3 with a late charge. Sophomore Bill Moreman, who usually confines his activity to the kicking team, ran 20 yards for a touchdown, Pete Roberts added a 31-yard field goal and it was all over for Georgia. "They just whipped us," said Vince Dooley dejectedly.

All week long small-town disc jockeys in Mississippi woke up farmers with a Dave Clark recording of *Catch Us If You Can*, the song adopted by Mississippi State supporters after four straight victories. A campus assembly line turned out 3,000 cowbells, traditional symbol of Bulldog defiance, to tinkle at MEMPHIS STATE. But Memphis had not won in four games, and its backfield was broken up by injuries. The noisy preparations seemed unnecessary at best. Then Memphis' Billy Fletcher, an inspired quarterback, and Split End Bob Sherlag, a recently converted defensive back, got going and their thundering feet drowned out the cacophony. Fletcher ran and passed for four touchdowns, Sherlag caught 10 passes for 186 yards and Mississippi State lost 33–13.

continued

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LSU found a way to stop Kentucky's Rick Norton. The Bengals harassed him with a strong rush and then hounded his receivers. Norton completed only 14 passes, and alert LSU defenders snatched away six, three by Corner Back Jerry Joseph. With this problem solved, the Bengals went on to win 31–21. Sophomore Quarterback Nelson Stokley ran 50 yards for a touchdown and passed 25 to Flanker Doug Moreau for another,

BEST OF THE WEEK

THE BACK Quarterback Billy Fletcher was all Memphis State needed to shock Mississippi State 33–13. He passed for 257 yards and three touchdowns, ran for 94 yards and a score, kicked two field goals and three extra points.

THE LINEMAN: Arkansas' swift End Bobby Crockett caught eight of Jon Brittenum's passes for 102 yards and a touchdown. Five came in the Hogs' winning drive, including a spectacular diving grab on the Longhorn one.

while Danny LeBlanc plunged for two scores.

FLORIDA, the best SEC team now, was too much of a handful for North Carolina State. Quarterback Steve Spurrier just threw passes (21 for 258 yards and two touchdowns), Split End Charley Casey caught them (10 for 137 yards) and the Gators won easily 28–6. VANDERBILT ended Virginia Tech's unbeaten string 21–10, while MISSISSIPPI won over Tulane 24–7. But Auburn lost. The Tigers could not keep up with Kim King, GEORGIA TECH's slick sophomore quarterback. He completed 13 of 15 passes for 135 yards, ran for 81 more and led Tech to a 23–14 victory.

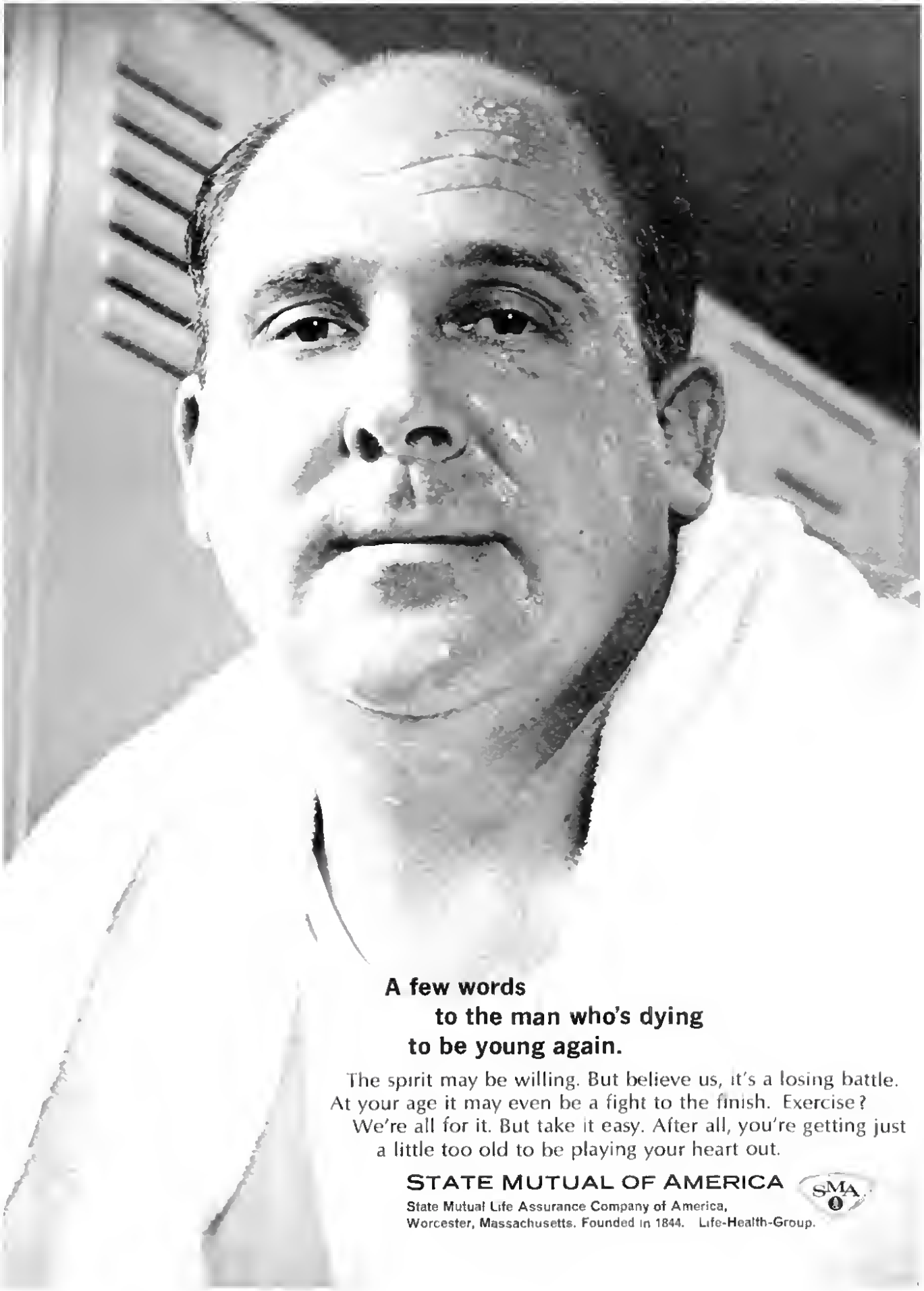
The way things are going it may take federal action to sort out the ACC title mess. CLEMSON, for instance, upset previously undefeated Duke 3–2 on Frank Pearce's 31-yard field goal. NORTH CAROLINA looked like anything but a champion in defeating Maryland 12–10. And VIRGINIA, beaten the first two times out, was suddenly looking strong. The Cavaliers shut out West Virginia, the highest-scoring team in the country, and just to prove defense wasn't all the game was about, scored 41 points of their own as Tom Hodges completed 16 of 25 passes.

It was an "up" week for inconsistent MIAMI. Bill Miller, the new quarterback, threw two touchdown passes, and the Hurricanes routed Houston 44–12.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. ARKANSAS (5–0) 2. TEXAS (4–1) 3. TEXAS TECH (4–1)

There is no monopoly on thrilling finishes in the land of Arkansas and Texas (*page 24*). In fact, most consistent in its ability to heighten pulse rates, come from behind and, not so incidentally, win games is TEXAS TECH. The Red Raiders turned Donny An-

continued



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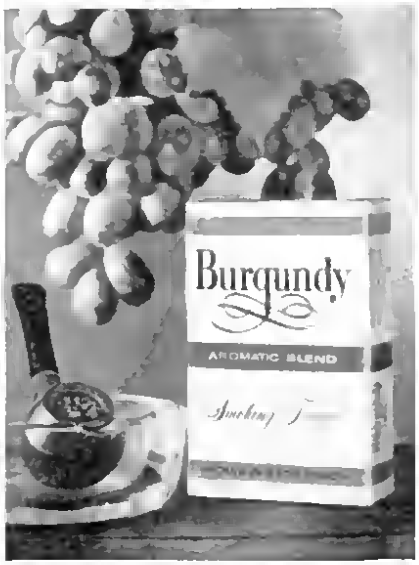
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derson loose for a 103-yard return of the game's opening kickoff, then stumbled around as Oklahoma State took a 14–7 lead. Tech was again only playing possum. Ken Gill kicked a 21-yard field goal and, with 1:03 left, Tom Wilson pitched a 12-yard touchdown pass to Jeff White for the Raiders' third straight last-ditch victory 17–14.

SMU had not scored in the first half all season, and last Saturday in Houston it was the same old story as lowly Rice led the Mustangs at intermission 14–0. "We knew," said Dennis Partee, remembering SMU's 14–14 tie with Purdue, "if we were 14 down to that team and came back, we could do the same thing against Rice." They could, and Partee did. In the second half SMU permitted the Owls no first downs, only 25 yards in offense and Partee kicked a 43-yard field goal, with 2:03 remaining, to win 17–14.

Trailing TCU 10–3 with time running out, silky smooth sophomore Harry Ledbetter took Texas A&M on an 80-yard drive with his passes, throwing 21 yards to Ken McLean for the score. But when Ledbetter went for the two-point conversion his hurried pass was batted away. The Frogs rushed to another score and won 17–9. North Texas State forced Billy Anderson, TULSA's passing wizard, into traps and draw plays, but he still ran for a touchdown and managed 26 of 47 passes for 323 yards and two more scores in a 27–20 victory. WEST TEXAS STATE continued unbeaten, but barely. The Buffaloes recovered from a 12–0 halftime deficit to beat Colorado State 15–12.

THE WEST 1. USC (4–0–1) 2. STANFORD (3–1–1) 3. UCLA (2–1–1)

Two games that in the beginning did not figure to excite interest anyplace outside of California were suddenly taking on national importance: USC vs. California and USC vs. UCLA. Both Cal and the Uclans (*see Midwest*) are suddenly valid contenders.

At Berkeley it was CALIFORNIA's defense that was beginning to impress people. Bruised for a while by Washington, which rolled to a 12–3 lead, such operatives as End Steve Radich and Linebacker Jim Phillips found they could beat the lean Huskies at their own tough game, and the fun was on. The two led a furious charge that choked off the Washington backs and forced five fumbles. Meanwhile, Dan Berry's three-yard pass to Jerry Bradley, Cal's only completion in two tries, scored one touchdown, and Fullback Frank Lynch rammed over from the one to win for the Bears 16–12. "I haven't seen defense like that at Cal in 15 years," observed former Coach Pappy Waldorf admiringly.

WASHINGTON STATE, loaded down with sophomores, was looking good, too. The youngsters cracked down hard on Arizona's good runners and then turned to a couple

continued

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What did amaze us was that no other Kentucky Bourbon came close to Old Fitz on this score. And year after year, Fitzgerald has remained costliest.

You'll find both Fitzgeralds priced among premium Bourbons . . . but not way above them. (Because our small distillery is family owned, we are able to operate quite comfortably, making modest amounts of the best Bourbon we know how.)

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of oldtimers for their offense—and their fourth win. Fullback Larry Eilmes rushed for 129 yards, and Tom Roth passed for 188 as the Cougars won 21–3.

Even before the game started OREGON's Len Casanova worried about AIR FORCE's Paul Stein. "That quarterback," he complained, "does everything." Then Stein almost beat the Webfoots. He ran or passed on every one of the Falcons' last 22 plays and took his team 85 yards in the final 4½ minutes to tie Oregon 18–18. It was a superb performance, but it annoyed Casanova. "No pressure on the passer," he said disgustedly. "We looked like we were doped."

WYOMING, humiliated by Utah a week earlier, went after Texas Western's Billy Stevens with an aggressive rush to beat the Miners 38–14 at their own passing game. Stevens completed 16 of 47 for 249 yards and two touchdowns, but Wyoming's Tom Wilkinson was more effective. Three of his 10 completions went for touchdowns.

Utah, however, was back where it was two weeks earlier. Two fourth-quarter field goals by NEW MEXICO's Mickey Williams beat the Utes 13–10. Undefeated UTAH STATE trampled Montana 54–21 as Roy Shivers ran for 120 yards and three scores, and Dave Clark grabbed three touchdown passes from Ron Edwards. OREGON STATE had to come from behind to catch tough Idaho 16–14.

—MERVIN HYMAN

THE 15 HARDEST PICKS

USC OVER NOTRE DAME The Irish want revenge. They'll get Garrett instead.
KERRARKA OVER COLORADO The Buffs are young and pesky, Nebraska older and meaner.
MICRIGAR STATE OVER PURDUE State's fierce defense will stop Griese's passes.
ILLIROIS OVER DUKE The Illini attack too violently for the straining Blue Devils.
ROWLIRG RREER OVER KERT STATE This may decide the Mid-American title. BG is stronger.
GEORGIA OVER KERTUCKY After the usual anxious moments, the Bulldogs by a little.
ALABAMA OVER FLORIDA STATE But 'Bama's offense had better be ready to work overtime.
VIRGIRIA OVER VIRGIRIA TECR The Cavaliers have faced sterner opposition.
GEORGIA TECR OVER RAVY The Middies are not quite up to holding the likes of Tech.
PITT OVER MIAMI Both teams are inconsistent, but it is Miami's turn to be down.
PERN RTATE OVER WEET VIRGIRIA The Lions keep threatening. This should be their week.
DARTMOUTH OVER RARVARO The Indians are more versatile. They run *and* pass.
OREGOR OVER WASHINGTON The defenseless Huskies are no match for a scoring team.
UCLA OVER CALIFORNIA Prothro's coaching and Beban's generalship are quite sufficient.
WYOMIRG OVER BRIGRAM YOUNG The Cowboys, however, will have to struggle for this one.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS
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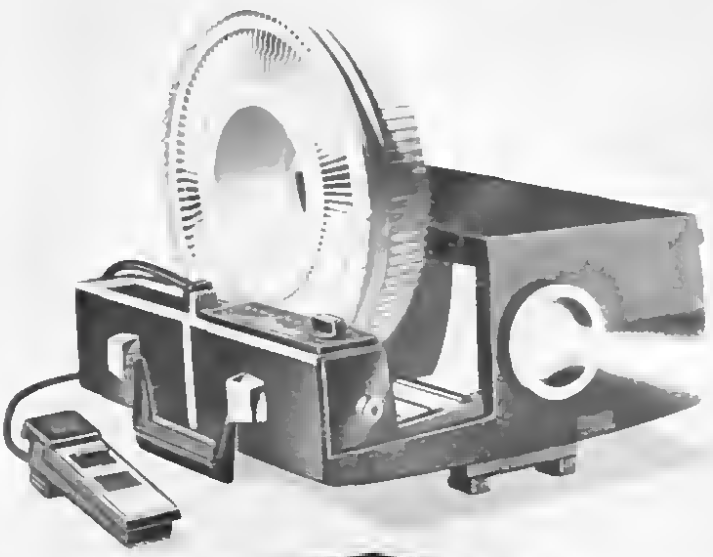
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CHAPS AND GIRLS AFIELD

For years the American girl gunner had to poach on the men's sporting-goods shops for her shooting clothes, and she often ended up looking like Annie Oakley. This fall, however, women's field clothes have a new zip, with no loss at all in function. Three of the best outfits, one imported from France, two from the U.S., are worn here by young Palm Beach sportswomen at the start of the quail season at the Bonnette Hunting Preserve in Jupiter, Fla.

ROBERT PHILLIPS

Mrs. Elizabeth Mower's hunting outfit (left), imported from France, is of cotton duck. The jacket is rimmed by 32 shells. Over matching pants she wears rubber-faced chaps for protection in wet grass.

June Douglas, a former Powder Puff Derby winner, shoots in a canvas jacket with many pockets and the shape of an Army field jacket. It is of strong Avril-and-cotton canvas and has a fold-back hood.

Mrs. H. Loy Anderson Jr.'s side-zipped shooting skirt is made of the same kind of reversed cowhide used in cowboy chaps. She wears it with a silk jersey turtleneck, a straw bush hat and a leather shell belt.





WHERE TO BUY

The outfit worn by Elizabeth Mower opposite was designed by Victoire of Paris. It comes in green or light brown and is $100. The canvas jacket worn by June Douglas at the left is by Willis and Geiger. It has six pockets and nylon-lined game pouches. It is $40. Both outfits are available at Abercrombie & Fitch, New York. Molly Anderson's cowhide skirt (above) is $55 at Miller's Harness Co., New York. Her snake-proof boots are Gokey's Botte Sauvage.

Twelve-year-old Robin Ogle of Darrtown, Ohio, is a switch hitter, something slightly unusual in a Little Leaguer. In Robin's case, however, it should not be unexpected. His grandfather, with whom he and his family live, is the same **Walter Alston** who just managed the Dodgers to a fourth world championship with a whole infield of switch hitters. "I sort of suggested it to him," admitted Alston, who also recalled a phone conversation during the season when Robin admitted hitting a double and triple left-handed and then a home run right-handed. "The next time up they walked me intentionally," Robin added. Grandpa could hardly argue with that managerial strategy.

Presented with a set of dominoes by the girls on his staff, recuperating **Lyndon Johnsoa** ("He's a champion domino player," gushed Presidential Assistant Jack Valenti) was reminded of an object lesson in how to succeed without really winning. Relating that Staffer Vicky McCammon had a boy friend who used to bowl with him and his aides, Johnson added, "He bowled 165, and we were around 80 or 90. Then, when I had a heart attack and was in Bethesda, Homer Thornberry, at the time a Congressman from Texas, used to play dominoes with me. He let me win every game we played, and now he is on the Circuit Court. I told Vicky to tell her young man if he wants to get ahead in this world, he'd better stop doubling our score."

Young **Ben Davidson** was about to park his Porsche in a loading zone when a truck pulled up and the driver suggested that he move on. "Look, kid, I don't want any trouble," the driver said, "but if you don't move, I'm going to get out and throw both you and that toy wagon outta there." "Perhaps we had better talk this over," Ben replied amiably, unwinding his 6-foot-7, 283-pound Oakland Raider frame from the car. The trucker suddenly discovered another parking place.

Charles de Gaulle's visit to France's National Sports Institute, where he chatted amiably and knowledgeably with top French athletes, inspired Cartoonist Dero in *L'Equipe* to picture the president in one uniform in which he has never been seen (*below*). "He's training hard," the cartoonist had a railbird observe, "but as to saying if he'll run or not run. . ."

Although the Fellowship of Christian Athletes is represented on many pro teams, it is rare to find more than a couple of active members on any one club. The Boston Patriots are an exception. The other Sunday, in fact, End **Toay Romeo** and teammates held an all-Patriot service at Boston's famed Tremont Temple. The Reverend Romeo, an ordained Baptist minister who started weekly Bible study groups during training camp and who preaches every Sunday whether the Patriots are at home or away, conducted the service. Quarterback Eddie Wilson read the Scripture lesson, Fullback Larry Garron gave testimony and End Bill Dawson led prayer. Romeo's sermon was appropriate to the violent world of pro football. Its text was taken from the Epistle of James, and it was titled, "Faith Without Works Is Dead."

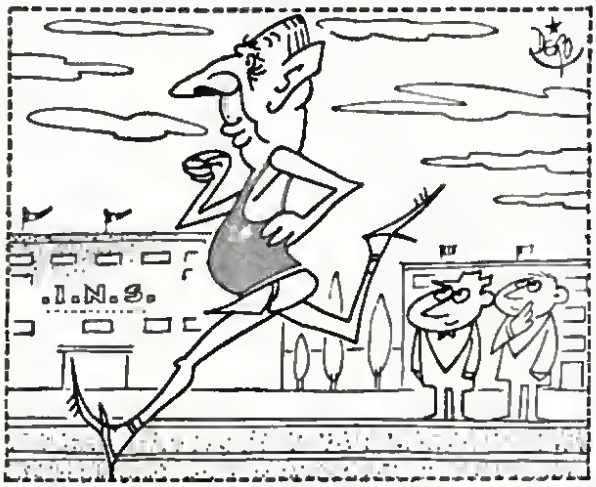
Mayor **Hank Avery Jr.** of Midland, Texas, who headed a delegation of 31 mayors from all parts of the United States on a 21-day tour of Iron Curtain countries, expected a deluge of questions on such weighty matters as America's position in Vietnam. Avery should have known better. "The question I was asked most frequently, even in Moscow," he reports, "was 'Have you seen the domed stadium?' "

Nelson Rockefeller posed from the door of a tumbledown shack deep in New York's Adirondacks for the benefit of photographers and brother Laurance. "Shirtsleeve to shirtsleeve in three generations," murmured Laurance. Not quite. Laurance, chairman of the state parks council, and Nelson made only a brief stop at the hut during inspection of a mountain-riding-trail pilot project. Governor Rockefeller did ride eight miles in a chill rain the first day, however. And, mounted on a spirited gray named Smokey, he was appropriately dressed in faded-blue denims, black western boots, red wool shirt, yellow silk neckerchief and silver-buckled belt. But as the self-advertised first New York governor since Teddy Roosevelt to camp out in state wilderness, Rockefeller wasn't quite authentic. He spent the night at a comfy six-room ranger cabin complete with running water, telephone, electric light and a steak dinner topped with strawberry shortcake.

The Parnell Tennis Club of Auckland, New Zealand is congratulating itself on a promising new member. Even though he has idled away the last few years with no exercise more constructive than some occasional running, the prospect has excellent credentials. As a 16-year-old he was regarded as a future champion, reaching the semi-finals of the 1955 under-17 nationals and only losing then to Lew Gerrard, the present-day New Zealand Davis Cupper. A potentially valuable man, **Peter Snell**—now that he has switched back from cinders to clay.

When world-record Shotputter **Randy Matson** became disillusioned over the NCAA-AAU track and field power struggle and announced in August he might go out for basketball, Texas A&M Basketball Coach Shelby Metcalf was heard to ask, "What can I do to prolong the feud?" Well, the feud is still on, and Matson is now on the basketball team. Addition of the 6-foot-6½, 248-pound Matson, an all-state center at Pampa (Texas) High, has already impelled Southwest Conference writers to move A&M from seventh to fourth in predictions. "We didn't have a proven low-post man," gloated Metcalf, "and now some of the pressure will be off John Beasley [the nation's ninth-ranking scorer last season]. Just think of the height and added team speed it will give us. And winning spirit. Winning is such a habit with Randy that he'd win the toothbrush commercial on TV using Brand X."

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How you can survive an explosion



FRANCIS GOLDEN

Play sand shot with an open stance (arrow shows target line), feet dug in and club choked down to compensate for lower plane of the feet

The two most important things to keep in mind when exploding from sand are 1) that the swing should be a normal one and 2) that the grip should be choked down somewhat at address. Too many people climb into a sand trap already paralyzed by fear and suddenly start doing things with their swing that they would never think of doing on the fairway. They stab or they dip or they lurch, and they leave the ball in the sand more often than they get it out. The explosion is much the same as any other shot, only your aiming point changes since you are trying to hit a spot in the sand some one to three inches behind the ball instead of the ball itself. Begin by picking the spot—perhaps marked by a discolored grain of sand—and concentrate as hard on hitting it as you would on hitting the ball. The shot should be played pretty much like a short pitch, with the ball off the left heel and the stance slightly open. At address you will have dug your feet into the sand one or two inches to insure a firm stance. This means the ball is that much nearer your hands than usual. You must compensate for this by choking down on the grip. How far you choke down determines how far the ball will fly. This is because distance is controlled more by how deeply underneath the ball the club head digs than by how hard you swing or by how far behind the ball you hit. For a long blast, therefore, you should choke down farther.

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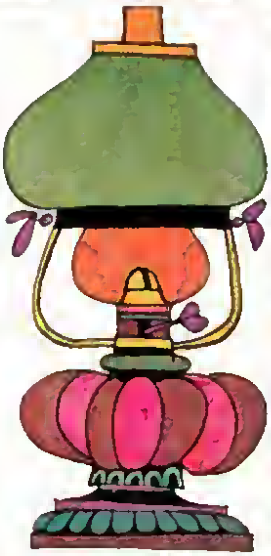
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PRO FOOTBALL / *Edwin Shrake*

King of crash, haul and hit

Gargantuan Tom Sestak is the key to the Buffalo Bills' title prospects despite his own damaged knee and his opponents' baleful attentions

The instant the center's hands twitched on the ball, Tom Sestak charged. His first move was to whack the center with a shoulder and forearm and knock the man sideways in an ungainly sprawl. Ernie Ladd, San Diego's 300-pound defensive tackle, was playing right guard on the field-goal team and was fighting to keep Sestak's accomplice, Jim Dunaway, out of the backfield. As the center fell off, Sestak slid past Ladd through the gap and threw his hands into the air. The two blows—one by Sestak to the center and one by Dunaway to Ladd—sounded like the firing of a pom-pom and gave Sestak the extra yard he needed. The ball bounded back from Sestak's upflung arms, and the 270-pound defensive captain and tackle for the Buffalo Bills had blocked his second field goal in two games. Watching from the stands at Buffalo's War Memorial Stadium on a gray and drizzly afternoon, one could not help but recall what Denver Coach Mac Speedie had said: "God gave everybody a certain amount of athletic ability. To Tom Sestak, He gave too much."

There are some outstanding defensive tackles in the American Football League. Ladd, a 6-foot-9 professional wrestler who recently ate 124 pancakes in a contest and later went out and gave a running back a broken nose and a concussion with a single sweep of his arm, is one. Jerry Mays, a quiet, intelligent, 260-pound businessman who plays for the Kansas City Chiefs, is another. But none is better than Sestak. "He's one of the best I've ever seen on any field in any league," says his coach, Lou Saban. Sestak is a primary reason the AFL Champion Bills lead the league in rushing defense. His three tremendous performances against San Diego last season were instrumental in the Bills' drive for the championship. "Against me, Sestak was all-universe," said San Diego Guard Walt Sweeney. And yet Sestak has been

continued



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playing for nearly a year on a left knee that swells up to the size of a volleyball and frequently needs to be drained of fluid. The knee has affected his mobility, as Sestak admits, but it has kept him out of only one game. "He's an easy fellow to take care of," says Buffalo Trainer Eddie Abramoski. "Once he came to me and said he had a little pain in his side that had been bothering him for a couple of weeks and he wanted an aspirin. We checked, and he had two broken ribs. But he played, anyhow. Tom thinks a couple of aspirin will cure anything."

If the knee were cured, as Sestak hoped it would be after an operation in March to remove a cartilage, it is frightening to imagine how good he might be. The knee troubled him most of last season, but it was not until the All-Star Game in Houston in January that Sestak submitted to an examination. The cartilage is out now, but there is a growth above his kneecap that holds fluid on the knee. Other teams know Sestak's knee pains him, and a common tactic is to cut at his legs and force him to leap over the blocker, thus delaying him a couple of seconds. "I can't put pressure on it and I can't run fast," says Sestak. "The knee feels weak. I never get it shot because I could really damage it then and not realize it. So I just tape it up and go."

Whether Sestak can run fast is a point to be argued. Compared to most defensive tackles, he can run very fast, even at a limp. "Sestak is great at going after the ball to either side of the field," says Saban. Maybe what Sestak means is that he can't run as fast as when he was an end in college and had two healthy knees and was 50 pounds lighter.

Sestak grew up in Gonzalez, Texas in a tottery little house that had a broken screen door. The house was propped up on blocks, and underneath was a good place for a boy to play if he watched out for the snakes. Although it is called "the chicken capital of the world," Gonzalez is not exactly a metropolis. But Bear Bryant's recruiters found Sestak there 10 years ago and took him to Texas A&M along with so many other prominent high school athletes that the Aggies were investigated and put on probation. Sestak moved to Baylor for a while and then dropped out of school entirely. "I was very low and discouraged," Sestak says. "I didn't know what to do with myself, so I volunteered and

served two years in the Army. That convinced me I should finish my education." Out of the Army, Sestak went to McNeese State College in Lake Charles, La., because his brother had gone there. At McNeese, Sestak was discovered by another recruiter—Buffalo Scout Harvey Johnson.

"He stuck out because he was a big kid and could move," says Johnson. "But there was no way to evaluate him because he wasn't playing against top competition." The Bills drafted Sestak 17th (Detroit had picked him 16th but had not made contact with him), and Johnson phoned to arrange a meeting. Over dinner, his second of the night, Sestak signed with Buffalo for a combined salary and bonus of about $8,500, a figure which has gone up considerably. "The bonus he got wouldn't make a down payment on the car he drives now," says Johnson.

When Sestak arrived at the Buffalo camp he weighed 260 but it was not all muscle. He reduced to 245 and then by working with weights went up to 270—with a 38-inch waist. Sestak began a series of personal wars with the Buffalo offensive captain and left guard, Billy Shaw. Their one-on-one duels were the focus of attention in the camp. "If you work against Tom every day you either become a good blocker or you retire," Shaw says. Tempers got edgy, but Sestak considered the experience an education.

"I asked Shaw what were the hardest moves to block, and he taught me," Sestak says. "In my rookie year I tried to get away with banging straight ahead, but I found out you can't simply overpower people. The guards are too good. You have to have a combination of power and agility. What I do depends on the guy I'm playing against. I tend to go inside quite a bit."

San Diego's Pat Shea has switched from right to left guard this season and so now faces Sestak. "What he likes to do is grab you by the shoulders and throw you someplace. He's extremely strong," says Shea. "A good defensive tackle," Sestak says, "has to have strength in his arms and shoulders. You try to shove your man one way and go the other, and you never play against anybody who's little. One of my favorite defenses is what we call our 44. It's for a running situation and our front four doesn't have to worry about anything but crash, haul and hit. We try to knock

continued





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the offensive linemen off balance and just bang in there. In a passing situation we can go either inside or outside, whichever we think is best. Either Dunaway or I am always the draw man, to watch for that until the quarterback is past the man he could hand the ball to." The Bills blitz only about 10% of the time, but they do go into a three-man front on passing downs, with Sestak, Dunaway and Ron McDole on the line, and Tom Day dropping off as a corner back.

The Bills are going to need superior play from their defensive front four if they are to win the championship again. Corner Back Gene Sykes is out with an injury. The two wide receivers on offense —Glenn Bass and Elbert Dubenion— are finished for the season with knee ailments, and the defense must take over more than a fair share of the action. Sestak will not have much of a chance to rest his knee, but he is counting on his championship game money for a trip to Europe in the off season with his friends Ray Abruzzese and Joe Namath, both employed by the New York Jets. Sestak, a 29-year-old bachelor, met Namath in Miami during the last Orange Bowl. Sestak and Abruzzese, who had known Namath at Alabama, went to Miami to help persuade Namath to accept Sonny Werblin's $400,000, continued to Mexico City and Acapulco, and returned to stay a month at Namath's house in Tuscaloosa, Ala.

While recovering from his knee operation, Sestak and six other bachelors rented a summer house at Bay Beach, Ont., which they called the Bunny Club North. Joe Herbrecht, a cottage mate, remembers his first encounter with Sestak: "I didn't know he had moved in. I was cooking breakfast at 10 a.m., and this monster appeared in the doorway in a bathing suit. He scared me so much I dropped a frying pan full of eggs."

The sight of Sestak in a business suit is not that impressive. He looks big, all right, with wide shoulders, a slab chest and narrow hips, but he is so trim that he does not look 270. In a football uniform, though, covered by 15 pounds of pads and bandages and glaring over a face bar, Sestak looks like the man you would want with you if you decided to get rowdy at a cowboy dance. When the Bills hired a new Midwest scout last year, Harvey Johnson introduced him to Sestak. "This," said Johnson, "is what you're trying to find." **END**

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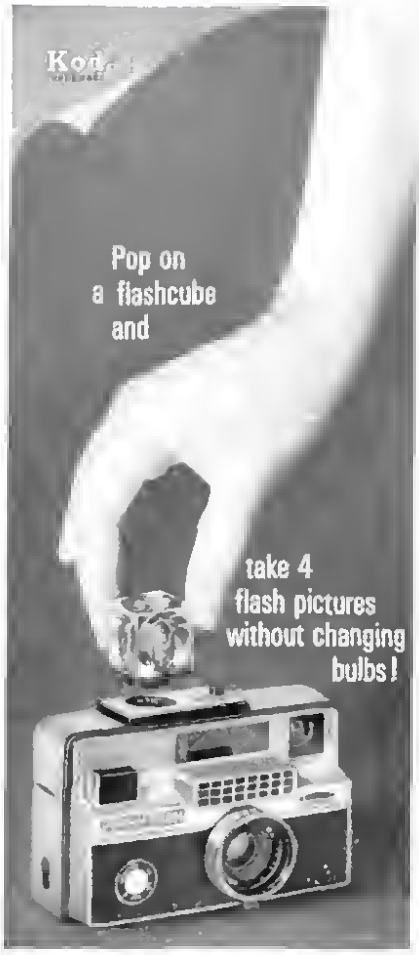
They threw an entry at Priceless Gem in the Champagne and upheld the honor of the colts. Meanwhile, the future of Ribot was a big question

According to a long-standing racing theory, when a filly manages to beat colts, one of two things must be true: the defeated males are a mediocre lot, or the filly is not only good, but very, very good. Thus, for example, when Hirsch Jacobs' exciting 2-year-old filly Priceless Gem (SI, Oct. 18) whipped Ogden Phipps's Buckpasser to win the recent Futurity at Aqueduct and followed that up with an easy victory in the Frizette two weeks later, Priceless Gem became the brightest star of an already bright juvenile season. Nobody in his right mind would have considered Buckpasser—at that time the winner of eight of his nine starts—ordinary, in any sense of the word. And yet there was Buckpasser taking dead aim, for a quarter of a mile, at the pace-setting filly and finding himself, without excuse, unable to overhaul her in the stretch.

Opinion, however, was not unanimous on Priceless Gem's superiority. Among those who felt that the result would be reversed in their next meeting were Phipps himself, Trainer Bill Winfrey and Jockey Braulio Baeza. Recalling how The Futurity was run (the filly taking the lead and opening up two quick lengths), Baeza said, "She would have been 10 in front if I hadn't gone after her." Winfrey added, "In The Futurity everything was set up for her, and Buckpasser had to move early and drive all the way." Everyone in the Phipps camp also knew that the best way to tackle Priceless Gem, if she was all that good, was not with one colt but with two.

And that's exactly what Phipps threw at Jacobs in last week's one-mile Champagne Stakes. First, his speedy Impressive was given the role of wearing down the filly for the first six furlongs. When he had accomplished that, along came Buckpasser, as planned, and he coasted

continued



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home to win easily by four lengths over Our Michael. Advocator, a strong stretch runner, was another half-length back, while Priceless Gem staggered home sixth, beaten 11 lengths. Phipps had paid $10,000 apiece to supplement his colts, and the gamble paid off.

Running an entry against a strong rival is, of course, part of the game of racing. If there are those who would criticize the use of such a tactic against a filly, there are others who believe that when $163,875 is at stake for the winner (the gross purse was $223,875) you should be allowed to do anything short of mowing her down with a burp gun. There is still another camp that holds Jacobs may have been pushing his luck by trying to beat good colts twice in a row, and that putting her in three tough races within four weeks is not the ideal way to manage a filly of whom great things might be expected next season, in her classic year. To which Jacobs, a realist all the way, replied matter-of-factly before the Champagne, "We think she's good but we won't know just how good until we see how she handles the colts at a mile."

The flat answer is that she couldn't handle them at all after three-quarters of a mile. And now she must risk her slightly soiled reputation against Moccasin in the November 6th Gardenia. Moccasin, unbeaten in six starts, won the Alcibiades at Keeneland by 15 lengths last week. She, too, likes to run on the front end, and if these two use such tactics in the Gardenia, some longshot is going to beat them both. Wally Blum, who rides Priceless Gem, insists that her defeat in the Champagne was due more to "running rather dull" than to the attack of the entry. "She's still the best 2-year-old filly in the country," he says. That's Blum's opinion. My vote goes to Moccasin.

There can be no such uncertainty about the best 2-year-old colt. As he now goes for a well-deserved rest, the winner of nine races and record earnings for a 2-year-old of $568,096, Buckpasser has his title neatly wrapped up and won't even bother to run in the November 20th Garden State. He will make his next start at Hialeah this winter, about the same time that John Galbreath's unbeaten Graustark will make his. Graustark has recovered from splint trouble and is galloping a mile and a quarter every day at Belmont Park in preparation for

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his southern trip about December 1st.

Buckpasser is by Tom Fool and Graustark is by Ribot, and both of these famous stallions were in the news last week. While Buckpasser was winning the Champagne, another son of Tom Fool, Paul Mellon's Silly Season, captured the mile-and-a-quarter Champion Stakes at Newmarket. Ribot's progeny weren't making racing news for a change, but the former undefeated world champion was. In fact, the status of Ribot was on the verge of becoming an international equine controversy. Galbreath signed a five-year stud lease with Ribot's Italian owners to bring Ribot to Kentucky in time for the 1961 breeding season. Three months have now passed since the fractious and headstrong stallion was due back in his home paddock at Italy's Dormello-Olgiata stables. While most other European racing authorities are wondering about this seemingly unnecessary delay, the Italians are apparently still undismayed. "We are only awaiting word as to what flight Ribot will take, and all else is pure fantasy," they say.

"All else," however, may not be pure fantasy at all. It is well known that Galbreath and the members of his Ribot syndicate are most anxious to keep the stallion in this country, despite the fact that he has a full book for the coming breeding season in Italy. European breeders would not take kindly to having their bookings to Ribot canceled but, according to some of them, Galbreath has come up with a solution to that. It is reported that he has offered to pay the difference in price for shipping a mare from, say, England to Kentucky, in order to make it possible for Ribot to honor his European contracts.

Anyone who knows John Galbreath's determination would have to believe that his efforts to hold on to Ribot are likely to be successful. I, for one, wouldn't be in the least surprised to learn, about the time that Galbreath's newly acquired Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe winner Sea Bird arrives in New York, that Ribot will be staying in America for good. The deal should be announced within 10 days or so. Incidentally, when Sea Bird does fly in, this reigning Horse of the World will likely be paraded one afternoon at Aqueduct. Then he will be off to Lexington, where Darby Dan will be able to boast a batting order of Ribot, Sea Bird, Swaps, Summer Tan, Sailor. Break up Darby Dan! **END**

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who was Arkansas' best runner last year but a team man willing this season to devote his efforts to blocking for a better, more dangerous runner, Jones. On the Arkansas sideline Lindsey summoned Arkansas' offensive unit together as if he, not Broyles, were the coach. Almost tearfully, he reminded the players that Texas was not double-covering Bobby Crockett; that he was wide open; that Brittenum could hit him if they blocked; that if the coverage was doubled up Jones could run outside; that this was the last chance. Then it began.

Brittenum instantly hit Crockett for 22 yards to the Arkansas 42. Crockett was the *only* receiver going out, just eight yards, then hooking or turning out, depending on how the Texas defender played him. Brittenum rolled out instead of sprinting ("Better for my throwing balance, Coach says," said Brittenum) and hit Crockett again for 13 yards to the Texas 40. Then he hit him for eight, and 11 and Arkansas was on the 22.

Brittenum, who played unspectacularly as a sophomore in 1963 and was red-shirted last year, then hit Crockett on the biggest pass of all. It was third down and four at the 15. Same play. Brittenum rolled out to the right, and Crockett angled out toward the right corner by the flag. He had his man beaten by a step, and Brittenum put the ball right at his fingertips. Crockett lunged, got it and crumpled out of bounds at the one. It was Brittenum's 10th completion in 19 attempts for 131 yards, and Crockett's eighth catch for 102 yards.

The play came from Tulsa, actually. "I don't mind saying we borrowed it," said Broyles. "Glenn Dobbs has done a great job, and they ran us ragged with this pattern. We've worked on it for three weeks, saving it for Texas."

Brittenum scored on the next play and Broyles was the happiest man in the Western world, which includes Arkansas, last Saturday night. He stood around clapping his hands in his living room and eating cheese dip. He gave his team two days off instead of one. And he could not stop talking.

"For the first time, the very first time," he said, "everybody in this state *knew* we were going to win. They didn't consider anything else. We were tight about Tuesday, but we loosened up. We weren't grim, even though this was the most pressure any Arkansas team ever faced. This was the first time we ever went into

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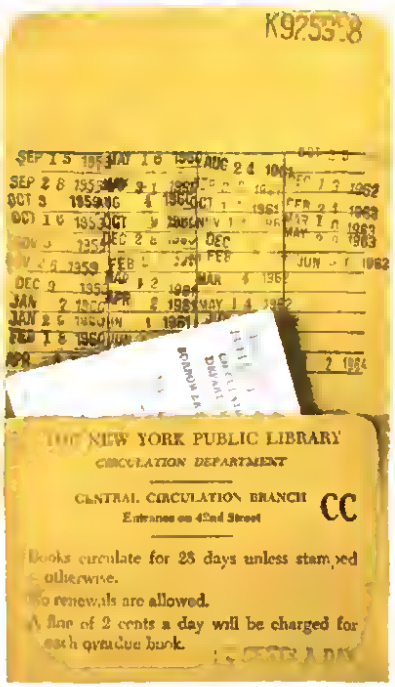
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a game knowing we had a chance to be No. 1 if we won, although it was the fourth straight year Texas has been No. 1 in this game. Hey, you know what? John McKay taught me the I formation in the spring of 1964 and we haven't lost a game with it.

"I decided a long time ago, 1960, I'm sure, that we were never gonna beat Texas unless we could throw. Nobody is. Texas is great. They're a great team. Why, that comeback they made—fantastic courage. And they were injured, no doubt about it. Darrell's a great friend of mine, but we like to beat each other, and the one thing we said out there before the game, we talked about it, was what a great privilege it was for us to be in this position, playing a game this important. Great for both schools, both states and the Southwest Conference. But I honestly think we've a better team this year. If that last drive had failed for some reason, I would have felt the best team lost."

After upsetting Texas a year ago 14–13, the Hogs became darts, flashing to five straight shutouts, then a Cotton Bowl victory over Nebraska. Arkansas should gain even more momentum from this victory, its 17th in a row, and in every way it appears to be, as Broyles says, a better team than last year's. Each of its five remaining opponents will be no less than two-touchdown underdogs, often more, and none appears capable of dealing out the faintest misery. Texas did what it had to do first—stop Harry Jones (he gained only 31 yards). But in the end it could not stop Jones outside and Brittenum's passing as well. Brittenum and Jones and just about everybody else return to Arkansas next season. It is therefore more than possible that the Razorbacks, with a song in their hearts, may be headed for the brightest streak since Oklahoma won 47 straight games in the 1950s. Until someone writes a song about that, the followers of the newest dynasty in college football will be more than content with:

"Now Jon Brittenum is happy callin' signals,
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THE WEEK 2,000



PHEASANTS FELL



CONTINUED

MY HUNT OF A LIFETIME

BY WALTER R. BIMSON

An American banker from Phoenix goes to Scotland for a week of shooting that turns out to be a matchless combination of elegance and action. Here, in a story he originally had privately printed for friends, Walter Bimson presents a straightforward account of a form of sport and a way of life that have all but vanished

You may well imagine how eagerly I accepted the invitation from Frank Denton and Bill Whiteford to accompany them on a shooting trip to Scotland. They had been invited to spend a week as guests of Colonel William Stirling at Keir, a family estate, at Dunblane, Perthshire, which is about 35 miles northeast of Glasgow. Beverley Matthews, a lawyer from Toronto, Harold Crang, an investment banker from Toronto, and Joe Bryan, an insurance executive from Greensboro, N.C., were going from this side, and we were to be joined in Scotland by Tommy Davies, Lord Chandos and Prince Radziwill, friends of the host from London.

I left Phoenix for New York, via TWA, on November 27, arriving at 4:30. After taking my overseas luggage (a duffel bag, a big suitcase and two gun cases) over to the BOAC terminal, I went into town to the Hotel Pierre, arriving in time for dinner. The following day was spent attending to some business chores, and that evening, Saturday, I went to the airport and, after a short wait, met Joe Bryan, Frank Denton and, later, Bill Whiteford, who was accompanied by the Gulf Oil Corporation's New York travel agent. After half an hour in the clubrooms we boarded the plane and took off at 9 p.m. for Prestwick airport, outside of Glasgow. We were flying in a 707 with Rolls-Royce engines.

About an hour out of New York, as the hostess was busily serving cocktails, we heard a mild explosion on the port side, and a few minutes later the captain announced that an engine had blown out and we were returning to Montreal, the nearest airport. Fifteen minutes later he reported that he had been ordered to fly to *Bermuda*, because there was no spare engine in Montreal. We arrived there about midnight. The BOAC people who met us said they were planning to divert a Toronto-to-London plane that would pick us up about 6 a.m. and take us to London.

Instead of waiting at the airport, Bill Whiteford decided he wanted to go to the Princess Hotel to spend the night. He called the manager, Bodo von Alvensleben, who invited us to come. We got into three small taxis and drove 30 minutes to the hotel.

The manager, a delightful person, seemed not a bit perturbed at being called out of bed at midnight. He had set up a bar in a corner suite overlooking the harbor. The night was clear and beautiful, the air soft and fragrant. The hotel is a beautiful old place, and we spent the night visiting pleasantly and convivially until a call from the airport sent us on our way again.

We embarked at 6 a.m. New York time and arrived at London airport at 5:30 in the afternoon London time. It was rainy and foggy, but we got in without difficulty. A Gulf Oil travel man met us at the terminal and got us through customs without delay, and a few minutes later we climbed into a small, two-engine chartered plane—a de Havilland Dove—and headed north for Scotland through the night. It took us two hours and 40 minutes, flying against a 40-knot wind, to make the 400 miles to the airport nearest Keir.

At the airport we were met by two Jaguar cars and two uniformed drivers from the manor house, plus a truck to carry our many bags and guns. Driving over winding roads through rolling country for 40 miles, our convoy finally came to the Stirling estate. A long driveway led into a narrow courtyard, where we unloaded. Our luggage magically disappeared, and we entered a long hallway, to be greeted by two servants who took us through other hallways, a reception room and finally into a dining room warmed by a fireplace. There we were met by our host and Tommy Davies, who were just finishing dinner.

It was 10 o'clock, and the hot soup served from a sideboard at the end of the room was warming and very welcome. Birds were served next in a delicious sauce; there was claret to drink and a cheese at the end with coffee and brandy. A pleasant chat about the program for the next day ended the evening, and we were ushered to our rooms.

MEMBERS OF THE HUNTING PARTY

WALTER R. BIMSON, the author, chairman of the board of the Valley National Bank, Phoenix. COLONEL WILLIAM STIRLING, the host, owner and operator of Keir, a 50,000-acre Scottish estate that his family has owned since 1450. WILLIAM K. WHITEFORD, once an oil-field roustabout, now chairman of the board of Gulf Oil Corp. FRANK R. DENTON, vice-chairman and director of the Mellon National Bank & Trust Co. JOSEPH M. BRYAN, chairman of the board of Pilot Life Insurance Co. and Jefferson Standard Broadcasting Company, Greensboro, N.C. J. HAROLD CRANG, Toronto investment broker, fox hunter and skeet shooter. BEVERLEY MATTHEWS, brigadier general (ret.), holder of the O.B.E. and C.B.E., major behind-the-scenes figure in Canadian politics. LORD CHANDOS, Minister of State 1941–42, Secretary of State for Colonies 1951–54, suppressor of the Mau Mau in Kenya and son of British cricket great Alfred Lyttelton (he once recalled there were several Van Dycks in the family home, all damaged by cricket balls). TOMMY DAVIES, descended from a long line of Grenadier Guards generals, a Guards officer during World War II, industrialist and director of Gulf Oil of Great Britain. PRINCE RADZIWILL, member of the Polish nobility and brother-in-law of Jacqueline Kennedy.

Mine was on the third floor—a small, pleasant room with a big window overlooking a formal garden. The room and my bath down the hall were warmed with portable electric heaters.

In my room I found all of my luggage unpacked and my clothes neatly put away. A servant arrived, asked what I wanted to wear for the next day's hunting and laid out the indicated clothing. He then informed me that he would awaken me promptly at 7:45 and that I was to appear for breakfast at 8:30 so the hunters could leave the house at 9:15.

At precisely 7:45, I was awakened by the servant, who entered carrying a tray of tea and wafers. He opened the curtains, revealing a gray day and a vista of wet trees and formal gardens, with a huge Spanish chestnut tree, 500 years old, under my window.

I dressed in my warmest clothes—long Duofold arctic underwear, a heavy flannel shirt and hunting coat, with a bulky sweater and quilted vest to put on just before going outdoors. All these heavy garments proved to be needed.

After breakfast—porridge, eggs, kippers and sausages, served from long sideboards—we gathered in the outer hall. There, lined along the wall on chairs, each marked with a shooter's name, we found our boots, neatly polished, our shoulder bags for carrying raincoats, an extra sweater, gloves and shooting sticks, which most of the hunters carried to sit on while waiting for the birds to come over the shooting stands.

In the courtyard a line of Land-Rovers awaited us. We rode four to a car to the first shooting position, sometimes a mile or two from Keir House and sometimes 10 to 12 miles away. But wherever we went, we were always shooting on the extensive land holdings of the Stirling family.

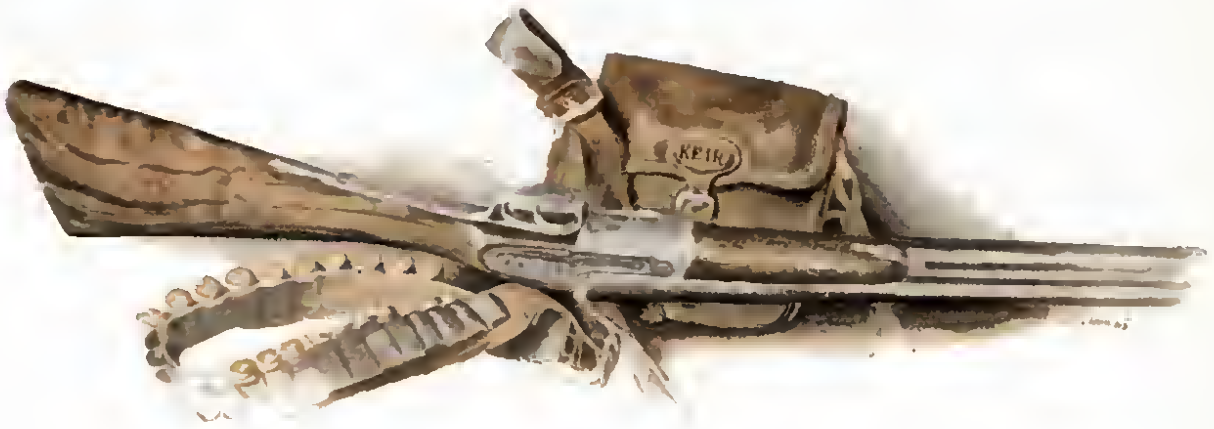
These early-morning drives were invariably interesting —over winding roads running through the low hills, most of them topped with groves of Scottish pine. The meadows were green and lush, with heavy grass cover where Aberdeen Angus and woolly Highland cattle grazed. The fields lay dormant this time of year, but all of them were well tended, some neatly fenced with smooth wire but more often with stone walls lining the roadside and dividing the cultivated land from the grazing land. The distant hills were gray in the morning mist, or shining with snow when the clouds lifted for a glimpse of the ranges to the north. It was a beautiful and orderly and peaceful land.

When we arrived at our first shooting position we climbed out of the cars and our host gave each man his position. These had been marked by white-topped stakes that had previously been set in a long line, 40 yards apart, facing a bog, a wooded hill or a heavy area of underbrush. Each shooter was accompanied by his loader, who carried a pair of guns in light shoulder cases and a bag of shells. After loading the guns, he handed one to the shooter, and when all was ready we settled down to wait for the beaters.

These had previously taken their positions on the other side of the hilltop or other cover, and soon we could hear the noise of their coming, shouting, rattling sticks on tree trunks and kicking through the undergrowth. The dog handlers were with them, and the dogs worked the cover as carefully as the men. Well off to each side and in advance of the beaters were flankers carrying flags. Their purpose was to keep the birds flying straight ahead so they would come out over the line of shooters. In this hunt we used about 25 beaters and 12 men with dogs, in addition to the loaders.

As the beaters approached the front side of the cover, the birds—mostly pheasant—would begin to fly out, a few at a time at first and then in great numbers. The birds flew straight, often high overhead but sometimes they were low to the ground and hard to see against the dark woods. When they broke through in great waves, the problem was to pick one of the multitude.

continued



The procedure was to take two birds on the incoming flight, pass the gun with the right hand to the loader and get the second gun in time to get two more shots at the going-away birds. To get two birds incoming was not too difficult, but I never could master the going-away shots. Once in a while I dropped a bird going away, but I never attained that true mark of distinction in driven-bird shooting of making four at a time—"two brace," as the natives say.

In grouse shooting, I am told, one shoots from butts made of rocks or peat, but we were too late for grouse, and our birds were pheasants, partridge, woodcock and an occasional snipe, plus ducks and geese, which were shot from blinds on a lakeside.

The partridges usually came out in family groups, 10 to 12 in close flying formation and traveling a terrific speed. The woodcock generally flew singly and were hard to hit in their erratic flight. The variety of birds and the change of shooting pace necessary to make a kill lent interest and frustration to the shooting.

That first morning our host spread us out in a meadow on one side of a swale, facing a grove of trees and heavy brush on a low hill. The beaters moved toward us, and within a few minutes the birds came out of the trees, flying high and fast across the meadow. The shooting was fast and furious for 30 minutes before the flight was exhausted. I have never seen so many birds. We shot as quickly as we could. After the drive was over, men and dogs gathered the dead birds and placed them in a long line. The count was 338—all pheasants.

My second gun, which was very tightly fitted, gave me trouble this first morning, and I finally abandoned it. But shooting one gun didn't spoil the fun. I would shoot two barrels, the loader would jam in two cartridges and I would shoot again. It was exciting work.

After the birds were gathered into a truck, we moved on a quarter mile to a narrow, wooded ravine. Here the birds came over high and fast and through the trees. It was snap shooting only, with not more than 30 yards of flight before the bird was out of sight. Here I did very well, knocking down nearly all of the birds that came within range. We killed 80 birds in 15 minutes.

We went around a hill to another ravine, where similar shooting occurred, and then came out to a little stone house on the edge of a meadow, where we paused for refreshments —sloe gin, served in little metal cups, with wafers, after which cigars were passed around.

continued



A portrait of the Stirling family and key members of their staff at Keir as they are seen in hunting season. These are their shooting clothes, which they wear regardless of weather, rain in Scotland being something that is ignored. From left: John Stirling, second son of the colonel and fancier of the trumpet; James Miller, head gamekeeper for Keir; the colonel himself; William Grant, head deerstalker, whose father was stalker for the late Duke of Fife; Mrs. William Stirling, mistress of Keir and hostess for the shoot; Archibald Stirling, eldest son of the colonel, two keepers, Angus Begg with spaniel, Wendy, Andrew Murray with Labrador, Bob.

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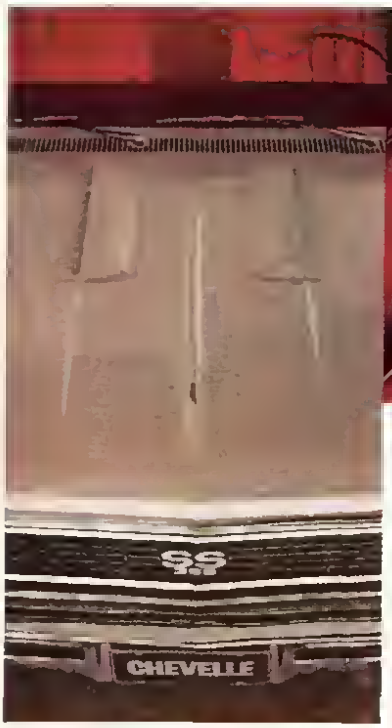
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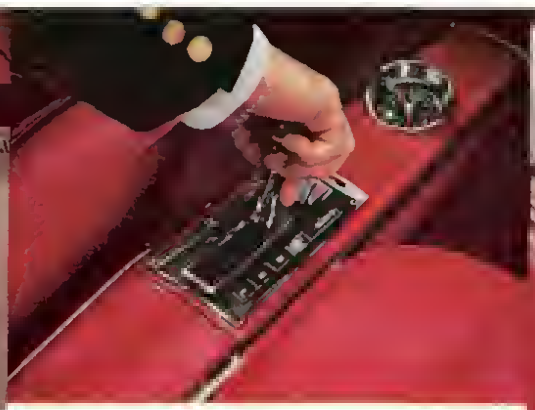
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New Chevelle SS 396: a Turbo-Jet V8



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Red stripe nylon tires on big 14 x 6 wheels link an SS 396 to the road. You can ask for these new **mag-style wheel covers** if you like.



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Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan

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Why drink a 6 year old when you can drink an 8 year old?



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Why not check the age of the Bourbon you drink?

Chances are it's only 4 years old. At the most, 6. Why settle for anything less than 8 year old Kentucky Tavern?

In fact, we think 8 year old Kentucky Tavern is the only Bourbon old enough—and smooth enough to drink.





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We chatted amiably for a quarter of an hour and then we moved on to another wooded ravine, where the shooting was even more difficult. I suspect we gathered 50 or 60 birds here. The last shoot of the morning was in another open meadow, flanked by low, wooded hills, quite similar to the first shoot. Here again the birds came over literally in hundreds, and we shot over 200.

After this shoot, the Land-Rovers arrived and drove us a mile or two to a small stone cottage, where we were to have lunch. The lady of the house and her daughter were awaiting us with the servants, who had brought the food for our luncheon. We pulled off our heavy outer clothing and were served a glass of piping-hot spiced wine. I think it was a claret with cloves and cinnamon and other spices in it. Coming out of the cold air, it was a delightful and warming drink.

A fire in the fireplace, a long table, a hot soup and hot beef stew, with apple strudel topped with thick cream for dessert were welcome luxuries for the cold and slightly weary hunters. The table was laden with a dozen bottles —wine, beer, Scotch, apple cider. During cheese and brandy after lunch, there was much chatter about the morning shoot. Warmed and filled, we donned our heavy coats and set out again.

After eating we made two stands, both of them in meadows facing high, tree-covered hills. The wind had come up, cold and penetrating. The birds came in over the trees, downwind and high overhead. We all had trouble with these targets. By 4 o'clock the light was getting dim, and the signal to mount the Land-Rovers was welcome.

Arriving at Keir, we changed our clothes and met in one of the great halls in front of a large fireplace for tea. The gamekeeper came in with the score—830 birds killed. In the light of my experience in the States this was an incredible number. I asked the host if this was not some kind of a record. "Oh, no," he said. "As a matter of fact, I think we have killed 900 once or twice here before."

Since this was my first experience at this kind of shooting, I wondered how well one must shoot to make a creditable record. I never did find out. All of the other shooters had done this many times before. I should consider all of them excellent shots, but it was difficult to measure their performance statistically. The last day, when the shooting was considerably slower than usual, I decided I would keep a record of my kill. That day I shot at 40 birds and killed 20, but in several cases I got the bird on the second shot, after a miss with my first barrel, and since I was consciously keeping track, I may have been unconsciously more selective in my shots than usual.

On that first day, when eight men shot 830 birds—the best day of the week—I suspect there was considerably more shooting than two shots per bird killed. I regret that I did not find out how many shells were fired. During the week we made a total kill of 2,376 in the six days. Did we use up three times that many cartridges? I would suspect we did.

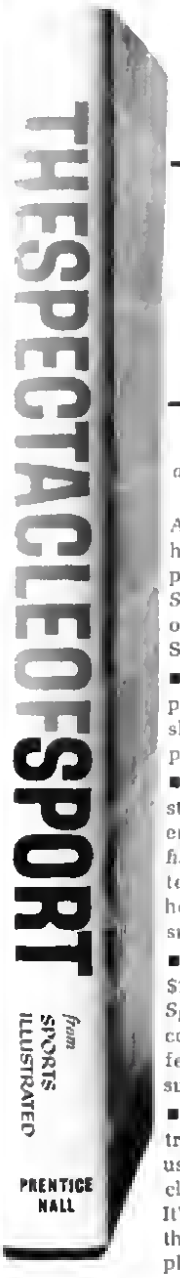
It is difficult for a hunter from the States, brought up under rigid U.S. shooting restrictions, to understand that in Europe a different set of conditions prevails. In Europe the birds belong to the landowner. He is not ruled by governmental laws and restrictions. The owner of an estate, where such shooting as I have described exists, himself sets the rules and is his own conservationist. He protects the birds and often raises them for the pleasure of shooting and on the side considers it something of a commercial venture as well.

The birds that are killed on his land by his guests belong to him, and he ships them off to market and sells them as a product of his farm, just as he does other crops.

This was the first big pheasant shoot of the season on the Stirling place, and its purpose, aside from giving pleasure, was to harvest just as many birds as possible. Colonel Stirling told us that he hoped to have 2,000 pheasants killed after our week's shooting—we missed his goal by 12 birds, having shot 1,988 pheasants in six days. Most of these birds were sent to market, fish and game being a significant part of the food supply in the British Isles.

Knowing these things quickly converted me from a hidebound conservationist

continued



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to a benevolent and happy harvester of game. And never did a harvest hand enjoy his labors more!

After tea, I went to my room, soaked in a hot tub almost as big as a swimming pool in a Phoenix subdivision, went to bed and slept an hour, then got up to dress for dinner. I found my dinner jacket, dress shirt, cummerbund, socks, shirt studs, etc. all neatly laid out by the quiet and efficient servant. I donned them with smug satisfaction and a mental note to speak to "my man" about this superb service and—after some wandering through endless halls and reception rooms—found the living room, where cocktails were being served.

The cocktail hour was a brief one—time for a leisurely martini or two hurried ones—and then in to dinner. The table was beautifully decorated with silver and fine china, lighted only by candles and the leaping flames of the fireplace. Afterward, I learned that each night the service was changed, even to the silver on the sideboards at the sides and ends of the room. The collection of silver and china, I suppose, was the accumulation of many generations of discriminating people, and it was a delight to the eye of a connoisseur.

A soufflé, beef, potatoes and cauliflower, fruit, cheese and four wines, with coffee and brandy or port and cigars, comprised the meal served by three well-trained men.

After dinner, ping-pong was played in the living room and bridge in the card room. Bryan and I took on Lord Chandos and Frank Denton. (We played two evenings and ended up winning 1£ sterling—due more to luck than our skill.)

The next morning it was much colder, and after breakfast we drove eight or 10 miles to high country on the edge of the moors. The area looked a good deal like Idaho near Sun Valley—grass-covered land with gently sloping hills, no trees except on hilltops or in the ravines, and in the background, some five miles away, a sparkling, snow-covered mountain range. Those mountains, my loader said, were just north of Loch Lomond and were only 3,000 feet high.

Here we got a variety of birds—partridge and pheasants in the higher land, a few snipe out of the low marshes and an occasional woodcock—and many brown hares, some weighing as much as 10 pounds.



We stopped for a drink at 11 a.m. and later lunched again in another small stone cottage. There seemed to be a great variety of these old houses conveniently located for our stops—some of them very attractive and architecturally quite interesting.

In the afternoon we went into higher country and had good shooting, but the wind was strong and cold, and we were all delighted to end the day and return to the warmth of Keir.

When the boy drew back the curtains of my bedroom window the next morning the ground was white with snow, and the skies were clear. We all put on an extra layer of clothes and started out in a 20° temperature.

Perhaps a word about the attire and equipment of the hunters would be interesting at this point. The average hunter from the States looks upon his shooting days as a welcome release from the formalities of daily life. He gets out his oldest clothes, extracts from the mothballs an old canvas shooting coat covered with blood and mud stains from many a trip, pulls out of hiding an old



The four faces of Kerr: from left, the house as seen from the garden; the formal dining room; the main gate, with dog that is part of the Stirling coat of arms, and the view from the terrace.

hat or cap that his wife has threatened to throw into the garbage for years, dons a pair of patched boots or scuffed mountain shoes, fondly oils up his old pump gun—usually with a full-choke bore and a 30-inch barrel—and is ready for his trip. He has abandoned his tie and vest and leaves his razor at home. He is out for a good time with the boys.

How surprised he would be to see his European counterpart! The English or Scottish sportsman wears a beautifully cut, tailor-made suit of tweed, with knickers instead of trousers. He probably wears a vest and always a tie. His heavy woolen stockings are tied to his knickers with a brightly tasseled cord. His shoes are ankle-high or even low-cut. He will wear a hat, perhaps an Alpine type of soft velour, decorated with a colored brush or spray of feathers, or a Sherlock Holmes type, or perhaps a carefully fitted and very dressy woolen cap. If it is cold or wet he will carry with him a raincoat and sometimes rain pants and a heavy short overcoat or cape. His guns are a pair of Churchills or Purdeys, straight stock and open bore, side-by-side barrels—never over-and-under. The older the gun the better he likes it.

And then, of course, he changes his clothes after shooting, before appearing for tea, and when he comes down to dinner he will frequently be dressed in a dinner jacket.

I personally found all this not only interesting but delightful. I have long thought American hunting clothes were atrocious and have always wished our gunners would demand a little more styling in their sportswear.

As to the guns, I suspect the British are wiser than we are with their open barrels and mild loads, and certainly they produce the best handcrafted guns in the world. However, a Browning or Winchester will kill just as many birds as a Purdey or a Churchill and will probably

continued



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give good service just as long—and at a lesser cost.

Before going to Scotland I got one of the first of the new Winchester over-and-under guns, made in Japan, that arrived in this country. It looks like a Browning but has barrels lined with chrome nickel and a new type of choke. It was supposed to have open, skeet-type barrels, but the gauge showed it to have a tighter choke—measuring slightly more open than a modified choke and improved cylinder. I took this gun with me and got another like it from Abercrombie & Fitch, although the new gun was marked "modified and improved cylinder." These guns proved perfectly satisfactory for the shooting in Scotland. Only in the duck and goose shooting did I feel inadequately gunned.

The third afternoon of hunting was unforgettable. Just before dark, at about 3:30, we took positions in well-built blinds on the edge of the water. The lake was a mile long and half a mile wide. I was put in the last blind on the upper end, with my loader and a gamekeeper with a retriever.

We had been told to shoot any ducks that flew within range but to stop shooting when we heard the geese coming in and wait until the first flight had landed. Then, when the second flight came in, we were to start shooting.

The ducks were few and far away, but I managed to down some before we heard the distinct chatter and talk of flying geese. By this time it was almost dark. Suddenly, out of the dusk, a thousand of them came in, and what a sight and *what a sound!* The first flight wheeled over me and landed in the middle of the lake, well out of range. But they had hardly settled when the second wave arrived. On the second whirlaround I fired two barrels and heard two geese hit the water. And then came the next flight and the next. Four flights wheeled over, and out of each I got two birds, and then it was too dark to shoot. But what a thrill—eight geese in almost as many minutes. Although it was too dark to see, they kept coming in, in spite of the shooting. The chatter of the calling birds, the swish of their wings, the sound of their skidding stop in the water filled the

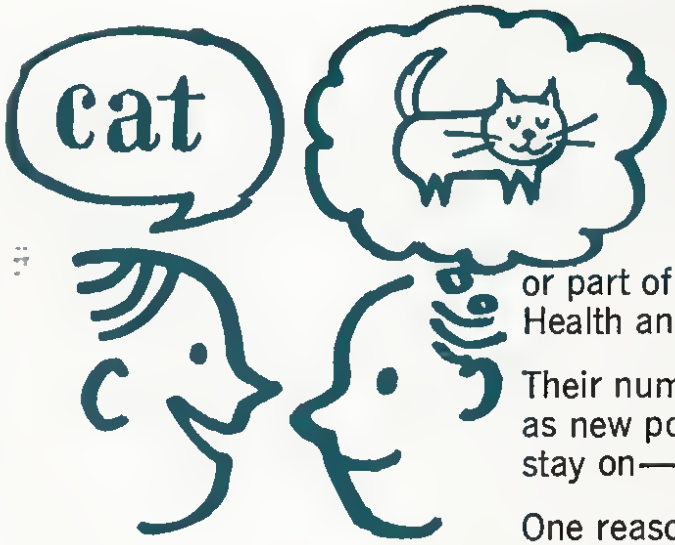
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Of her Head Skis, please . . . in case you were looking elsewhere. Every familiar facet of black and silver is part of their changeless style. Every nuance of contour and flex contributes to their timeless performance. Engineering refinements? In a decade and a half, too many to mention. But Head Skis always look like Head Skis . . . and behave like Head Skis. For the excellent reason that their exquisite lines are determined by function, not fad.

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HEAD

air, and through it all ran the chorus of their continuous talking.

That night we had 54 ducks and 44 geese, and as we gathered up our guns and shells and picked our way through the marshes to the cars, we were a happy and contented group of hunters.

And so the days went on—similar in tone, but with an endless variety of shooting. We shot from five positions each day for six days and never worked the same country twice. One day we were shooting at woodcock, another day the birds were predominantly partridge, skittering downwind, tiny fluffs of feathers that were out of range before you could single out one bird. And then there was the day when a fat little roebuck came bounding out of the trees and fell dead before Davies' charge of No. 7 shot—hit behind the foreleg. Had I not seen it I wouldn't have believed a one-shot kill could be made with such fine pellets. I went out to the cold-storage house that night to see him. He was fat and sleek and beautiful, with two tiny horns just showing through the hair of his crown.

And that cold-storage room—have you ever seen 3,000 birds hanging in neat rows on racks built for the purpose? And none of them had been plucked or drawn! In the U.S. we wouldn't think of leaving birds that long uncleaned. They say in Europe they like their birds a bit "high."

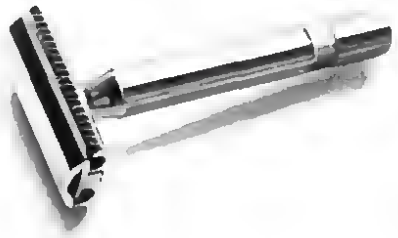
One morning while we were having breakfast, a very attractive woman joined us and was introduced as a friend from London who had come to spend the day. She sat next to me at the table, and since she was dressed in hunting clothes, I asked her if she was going to join us for the day's shoot. She replied that she didn't care much for bird shooting but that she was going out to shoot a hind. As we were waiting for our vehicles, she pulled out in a little English car with one of the gamekeepers. She was headed for the moors—higher country, where the deer are found.

That evening she showed up for cocktails, stylishly dressed. I asked her what luck she had. She replied she had got two hinds.

"What kind of a gun?" I asked.

continued

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"A Sako, .264 Magnum caliber, which a friend loaned me to try."

"How did you like it?"

"Very well. It is a fine shooting cartridge."

"Didn't you find it a bit heavy?" I asked. "I have one and know it has a good, healthy wallop."

"Oh no," she said. "My favorite gun is a .375 Magnum, which is considerably heavier." At that I swallowed the olive in my martini.

The next day my host told me that this slender, 110-pound girl hunted in Africa and India frequently, had made the very difficult crossing from Tibet to India and had just returned from a six-month trip walking around Mount Everest. She was a great friend of the hostess, and whenever she wanted a change from city life she came to Keir to spend a day on the moors stalking deer. After dinner she caught the night train for London.

And so the week sped by, six days of great shooting, six days of fine companionship, six days of wonderful hospitality. I shall never cease to be grateful to Frank Denton and Bill Whiteford, who enabled me to have this truly wonderful experience.

Sunday morning we packed away our gear, drove in two Jaguars to Prestwick and had lunch at the dining room in the beautiful new airport. That afternoon we had a glimpse of Greenland and Labrador through the cloud cover and, in due course, just before dark, we landed in New York. Just seven days before, we had headed out at about the same time—and in that brief period I had shot more birds than in a lifetime of hunting.

Some days later I received from Colonel Stirling's secretary the official scorecard of the shoot. It reads:

Monday	830 birds
Tuesday	450 birds
Wednesday	206 birds
Thursday	500 birds
Friday	275 birds
Saturday	115 birds
	2,376 birds

Not a bad record at all for six days of shooting! **END**

Plymouth Fury

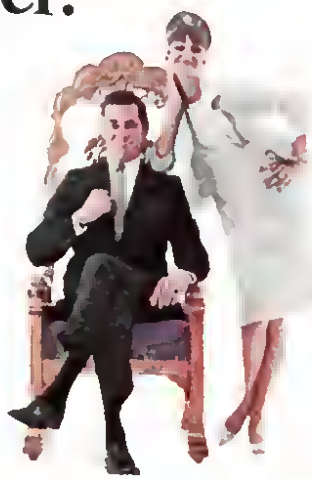


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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—The YOMIURI GIANTS of Tokyo clinched their 10th Central League pennant in 15 years and will meet the NANKAI HAWKS, the Pacific League champions, in the Japanese World Series.

BOXING—New England lightheavyweight champion MARION CONNERS, who until a few weeks ago served as Tom McNeeley's sparring partner, met McNeeley in Boston for the regional heavyweight title and won a unanimous 12-round decision. Conners weighed 178 to McNeeley's 207.

FOOTBALL—AFL: SAN DIEGO, the top team in the West, played BOSTON, the bottom team in the East and—what do you know—they tied 13–13. The unbeaten Chargers (4–0–2) suddenly couldn't score after the first half and salvaged a tie when their stubborn defense stopped everything except two field goals by Gino Cappelletti in the second half. It was the first nonlosing game for the Patriots in six tries. BUFFALO's defense set up two last-quarter TDs and two field goals that defeated Kansas City 23–7 and moved the Bills 1½ games ahead in the East. The Chiefs held second in the West but were joined by OAKLAND, which gained in the standings despite a 24–24 tie with winless NEW YORK DENVER, last in the West, beat Houston, second in the East 28–17, when John Griffin intercepted a pass and ran it back 44 yards for one TD and scored another on a 10-yard run with a blocked punt.

NFL: Bart Starr's three touchdown passes (62, 31 and 77 yards) in the third quarter overcame Detroit's 21–3 halftime lead and led GREEN BAY to a 31–21 win. The Packers remained first in the West with a perfect 5–0–0 record, while the Lions dropped from a second-place tie into a tie for third. BALTIMORE held on to second by swamping Washington 38–7 as Johnny Unitas passed for two touchdowns. The strong Colt defense also scored when Al Haymond picked off a Redskin pass and ran it back 30 yards. SAN FRANCISCO handed Los Angeles its third straight loss 45–21, and tied the Lions in the standings. John Brodie threw TD passes to John David Crow, Ken Willard and Dave Parks for the winners before turning the ball over to George Mira in the last quarter. Gale Sayers scored four times for CHICAGO, once on a 96-yard return of a kickoff with two minutes remaining, to lift the Bears to a 45–37 victory over Minnesota. CLEVELAND built a 13-point lead in three periods on a Jimmy Brown TD from the 10, a 29-yard TD pass from Frank Ryan to Walter Roberts and three field goals by Lou Groza, then barely held on to beat Dallas 23–17. The Browns remained tied for the lead in the Eastern Division with ST. LOUIS, which defeated Pittsburgh 20–7 as Charley Johnson tossed two touchdown passes, one a 71-yarder to Bobby Joe Conrad early in the fourth quarter. The loss did nothing for the Steelers, who remained tied for last with the Redskins, both with imperfect 0–5–0 records. Surprising NEW YORK stood tall in third place after Earl Morrall threw four scoring passes—71 yards to Aaron Thomas, 46 yards to Joe Morrison, 89 yards to Homer Jones and two yards to Bob Crespino for a 35–27 victory over Philadelphia.

GOLF—With birdies on eight of the last 16 holes, South Africa's GARY PLAYER, winner of the U.S. Open and the Canada Cup individual title, beat Peter Thomson of Australia 3 and 2 in the final of the Piccadilly World Match Play championship in Wentworth, England. The match ended when Player sank a 20-foot putt for a birdie on the 34th hole. Tony Lema and Arnold Palmer were eliminated in semifinal matches.

The USGA Senior Women's Amateur championship—54 holes for women 50-and-over with 15-and-under handicaps—was won by MRS. HULET SMITH, a grandmother from Pebble Beach, Calif., with a 242 total, 26 strokes over women's par. Mrs. Smith, also the 1964 winner, finished three strokes ahead of Mrs. John Haskell of Reno, Pa. on the Exmoor course in Highland Park, Ill.

HARNESS RACING—Going a mile and a half for the first time in his career, DARTMOUTH ($2.80), driven by Ralph Baldwin, easily won the $50,000 Roosevelt Trot by three-quarters of a length over Lord Gordon. Myra, the only mare in the field, finished third, two lengths farther back. Dartmouth will now be turned out for the year, with a season record of 10 victories in 14 starts.

HORSE RACING—The $223,875 Champagne Stakes at Aqueduct paid its winner, BUCKPASSER ($3.80), Braulio Baeza up, the biggest winner's purse ever earned by a Thoroughbred in New York State. The $163,875 for first also made the bay colt the world's leading 2-year-old money winner with a total of $568,096. Four lengths back in second was Our Michael, while Advocator came in third. Priceless Gem, the filly who beat Buckpasser in The Futurity three weeks earlier, finished a disappointing sixth.

MOCCASIN, a top contender—along with Priceless Gem—for 2-year-old filly honors, won the $37,735 Alcibiades Stakes at Keeneland, finishing 15 lengths in front of Chalina. Larry Adams rode the winner, now unbeaten in six starts, in the nonbetting race.

ROMAN BROTHER ($3.20), winner of the Woodward, took his next start, the $56,000 Manhattan Handicap at Aqueduct, by eight lengths over Hill Rise. Roman Brother's time for the 1⅛-mile race was 2.43⅕, just 2⅕ seconds off the track record.

George D. Widener's STEEPLE JILL ($5.60), Johnny Ruane up, won the $56,700 Vineland Handicap at Garden State Park by two lengths over Cordially Tosmah, who led until the stretch, finished third. It was the 26th consecutive time that Steeple Jill finished in the money.

Another Widener horse, CORNISH PRINCE ($5.40), ridden by Johnny Rotz, took the $29,500 Quaker City Handicap by a head over Elag Ruser. Big Rock Candy came in third.

JUDO—Olympic all-weight champion ANTON GEESINK of Holland retained his world title in Rio de Janeiro by beating Seiji Sakaguchi of Japan in his elimination group and Mitsuo Matsunaga in the final bout of the 43-nation event. The following day, Geesink, the first non-Japanese ever to win a world championship, announced his retirement.

MOTORS SPORTS—FRED LORENZEN battled back and forth with A. J. Foyt through the final stages of the National 400 Stock Car Race on the Charlotte Motor Speedway until Foyt hit the guard rail on the 254th lap of the 267-lap race and had to go to the pits, leaving Lorenzen the winner. Six caution flags lowered Lorenzen's average speed to 119.117 mph, considerably slower than his winning time last year. One flag was up for 17 laps, after Harold Kite of Augusta, Ga. was killed on the first lap when his 1964 Plymouth was involved in a five-car pileup.

Walter Hansgen drove his Lola T-70 at speeds of 98.2 and 96.2 mph in winning both heats and overall first place at the Monterey Grand Prix in California. Jim Hall, the prerace favorite, demolished his Chaparral when it flipped in the first heat.

TENNIS—Top-seeded BITSY GRANT, 54, of Atlanta took the USLTA Seniors' 55 Clay Court Singles title when he defeated last year's runner-up Jack Station 6–4, 6–2 in Knoxville, Tenn. ALPHONSO SMITH of Alexandria, Va. and CHARLIE BROOKE of Towson, Md. gained the doubles title.

TRACK & FIELD—LUDVIK DANEK of Czechoslovakia, who holds the world record and an Olympic silver medal in the discus throw, bettered his mark, set last year, by 2 feet 2 inches with a throw of 213 feet 11½ inches in Prague.

Britisher TIM JOHNSTON, who had never before competed at a distance longer than 10 miles, broke the world record for 30 kilometers (18.63 miles) with a time of 1:32:34.6.

MILEPOSTS—DECLINED: An invitation for KELSO to represent the U.S. again in the Washington, D.C. International at Laurel on November 11, by his owner, Mrs. Richard C. duPont, because of an eye injury. The damage occurred on September 22 in the Stymie at Aqueduct when a clod of dirt hit Kelso in the eye. The famous 8-year-old gelding, who has run in the International four times and won it last year, was just $22,604 short of the $2-million mark for lifetime earnings after the Stymie. The only American entry so far is Hail to All.

DIED: DAN FLORIO, 68, trainer for former heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson since the start of his professional career and lately Patterson's manager of record, of complications following surgery in New York. Among the world champions trained by Florio during his 47-year career were Gene Tunney, Jersey Joe Walcott, Jack Delaney, Tony Canzoneri, Petey Scalzo, Freddie Miller and Battling Battalino.

CREDITS

4—Bill Young San Francisco Chronicle. 28—Herb Scharfman. 30, 31—Antonio Hollis. 33—Fred Kaplan. 51—Sheedy & Long. 52, 53—Ieviton Atlanta. 54—Walter Iooss Jr. 66—cartoon by DERO from l'Equipe. 71—Joseph Consantino. 75—Roy De Carava. 101—Derek Boyas, Indianapolis News.

FACES IN THE CROWD



VIVIEN BIRCH, an assistant librarian nourished by fruit, honey, oxtail soup and the desire to earn money for charity, walked the 54 miles from Brighton, Sussex, to London's Brentford in 17 hours 20 minutes, breaking the previous record for women by three hours.



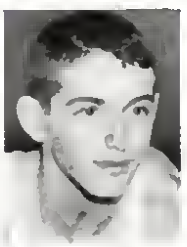
BUD GATES, an Indianapolis car dealer, won the Sports Car Club of America national championship race at Indianapolis Raceway Park, driving a borrowed McLaren Elva at an average speed of 83.163 mph. He finished just seconds ahead of Charles Cox of St. Paul.



BARBARA PETERS, an Irving, Texas housewife and mother of two, set two world pleasure-craft records in the 37–49 cubic-inch class—the five-mile closed-course event (41.417 mph) and the one-mile straightaway (41.9 mph) at the Three Rivers Boat Races in San Angelo.



EV KEELER, a pilot of DC-8s for Seaboard World Airways, led through three days of timed competition in his Schweizer 1-23G sailplane to win easily the New England Soaring Championship at South Barre, Mass. for the third time in the last four years.



CHARLES LINSTER, a gymnast from New Trier High in Wilmette, Ill. who heard a year ago that a marine had done 5,000 push-ups, has trained to beat the record ever since and finally did 6,006 in three hours 54 minutes under the supervision of his gym coach.



DICK McINNES, a 34-year-old carpet layer from Henderson, Ky., clung for 390 miles to a kite being towed behind a speedboat along the Ohio River, logging 11 hours 59 minutes in the air and bettering his own unofficial world record of three hours 49 minutes.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HOLY WAR

Sirs:

Floyd Patterson's article, *Cassius Clay Must Be Beaten* (Oct. 11), was interesting. That is, as long as Floyd talked about boxing. The thing that Patterson should try to realize is that no man's actions, regardless of who he may be, can disgrace an entire race, Negro or otherwise.

I certainly feel no disgrace because Jack Johnson served time in a federal penitentiary. I do feel pride, however, in the fact that an eminent boxing historian selected him as the No. 1 heavyweight champion of all time.

Others certainly should feel no "disgrace" because, say, John L. Sullivan was said to be of intemperate habits.

Twenty years from now when future boxing historians assess Cassius Clay and Floyd Patterson, it will be strictly on the basis of each one's fistic prowess. The fact that the former was a member of the Black Muslims or the latter a member of the Roman Catholic Church will have no bearing.

OCANJA CHALK

York, Pa.

Sirs:

Patterson's article made so much sense, I can't help but believe he will overcome the odds against him and reach his goal, as he has done so often in the past.

EDWARD NYMAN

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sirs:

Mr. Patterson makes it seem as if the fight is a showdown between the Roman Catholic religion and the Black Muslim religion. This is not so. I would like to wish Floyd Patterson all the luck in the world in his bid to regain the crown. However, I hope he is not trying to win for the reasons which he stated as being important.

STEPHEN GOLDSTEIN

Easthampton, Mass.

BEAR, BOOKS AND BEEF

Sirs:

I was disappointed and saddened to see the pictures depicting the living quarters of "winners" at the University of Alabama (*The Bear Bryant Hilton*, Oct. 11). Coach Bryant's thick-carpeted, neo-gothic cow barn, where prize beef on the hoof is fattened and cloistered for a Saturday afternoon barbeque, is in direct contradiction to sound educational and athletic principles that, fortunately, many universities still maintain.

One million dollars would go a long way toward providing education for those individuals denied the opportunity to attend the University of Alabama, let alone take their place in the group picture.

GEORGE H. MCGLYNN

San Francisco

Sirs:

I wonder how many needed teachers, classrooms and underequipped university science labs the state of Alabama starves for while her "fattened lambs" revel in the luxury of their Bear Bryant Hilton?

STUART BRUCE

San Marino, Calif.

Sirs:

Football is not king at the University of Alabama; it is some kind of god.

DAVID O'LEARY

Watertown, Mass.

Sirs:

The picture of the two young men autographing footballs proves they know how to write—but couldn't they find some books to fill those bare bookshelves to show us they can also read?

JOHN J. HUTCHINGS, D.D.S.

San Francisco

RETROSPECT

Sirs:

Now that it's all over, may I offer my compliments for a fine article on the 1965 baseball season (*A Look Back at a Peculiar Season*, Oct. 11). I disagree with you on one point, however. You picked Richie Allen as the MVP of the Philadelphia Phillies. I think it should be Cookie Rojas. All Allen did for the Phillies was strike out, make errors in clutch situations and hit homers when they were least needed. His inept play afield cost the Phils almost 10 games. True, he hit over .300 for the second year in a row, but Rojas had a higher batting average. Cookie made some dazzling fielding plays and always came up with clutch hits. He again proved himself the king of the NL utilitymen as he filled in wherever Gene Mauch needed him. He carried the team most of the year and ran Tony Taylor right out of the second-base job.

Cookie is a dandy player. He's always in there ready to give himself up for the sake of the team.

JOHN RUDOLPH

Springfield, Pa.

Sirs:

Kudos for your roundup of the baseball season. One can only wonder, however, at your conspicuous failure to give more credit to the Pittsburgh Pirates, who were among the top contenders for the National League pennant. The article soared to a quick crescendo in noting Roberto Clemente, league batting champion, as one of baseball's outstanding players; but subsequent paragraphs excluded any mention of the other members of the team. For '66 Series tickets, the address is Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

DONALD P. COOK

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

While you were reviewing the season and its records, I wish you had elaborated on one record in particular. In the October 4 issue you stated that "Sandy Koufax became the major's all-time strikeout champion when he whiffed his 349th batter, thereby breaking Bob Feller's record." Actually, Bob Feller never held the *all-time* record, nor does Koufax hold it now, even though he does hold the modern record.

The all-time record for a single season's strikeout belongs to Matthew Kilroy who, in 1886, struck out 505 batters for Baltimore of the American Association, a major league from 1882 to 1891. The National League record belongs to Charles (Hoss) Radbourne, who whiffed 411 batters for Providence.

Although the pitching distance was 50 feet, these are still the all-time records, just as the term implies. Please, let's give credit where credit is due.

DAVID GLAGOVSKY

Haverhill, Mass.

PLAYOFF

Sirs:

A National Championship Playoff in college football as outlined in your September 20 issue would be the greatest! Contrary to the argument that such a scheme would result in overemphasis of the game at the expense of education, I believe it would actually help to de-emphasize the sport. The trend has been to play a breather schedule to gain national recognition via all wins and no losses. This is certainly overemphasis in a false sense, yet it has many people fooled, since the average fan does not scrutinize schedules or the way they are set up. Some big-name teams will schedule an open date a week ahead of a so-called tough opponent for added insurance. Apparently, even the rating experts are willing to overlook some of the folly that has been going on. A national playoff would eliminate this maneuvering, and the beauty of it all would be that any team involved in a breather schedule would be forced out of its protective shell in good old "put up or shut up" style.

Also let's not lose sight of the fact that

a team with a loss in a tough conference could still participate in the playoffs and even become national champion, a feat practically impossible under the present system. The end result would be a true and qualified champion.

LEE J. JANNI

Kalispell, Mont.

Sirs:

Three cheers for your article on a national playoff for football! In the past 10 years my husband and I have gone to school or lived in four of the major conference areas (Big Ten, Big Eight, Pacific eight and Southeast). We found each area arguing without proof that "we're the toughest conference."

At the present time a team's win-and-loss record determines its national standing, but this does not really give a true picture. The NCAA basketball championship indisputably determines who is No. 1. Should the wonderful sport of football settle for anything less?

JUDY DAVISON

Birmingham, Mich.

Sirs:

As a graduate of the State University of Iowa, I will do all in my power to kill and bury this idea once and for all. Football in its proper place is wonderful. It unites the students in our larger schools as nothing else could. Its profits help cut the cost of tuition, etc. But colleges and universities are run to educate students, and sports are secondary.

Unlike the bowl games, which involve only one game per school and only two weeks of heavy practice for the team (usually during Christmas vacation), the proposed playoff would add four games and an additional six-week grind for the players. This would be exploiting these young Americans, merely for the sake of the press, among others. Who cares who is No. 1?

A. J. PLATH

Norwood, Mass.

SOCIETY AND OLD SIWASH

Sirs:

Edwin Shrake writes such nonsense about the social status of the lowly Washington Redskins (*To Be Seen Seeing the Redskins*, Oct. 4) that I wonder if he has visited D.C. Stadium in recent years. Not one game in the last three years that I can remember has been obscured by fog—though all too often a patch of dense fog would have been very merciful. I can't remember the last time there was "smoldering wetness," or, indeed, any snow. I agree that it was hot on opening day this year but, otherwise, I don't recognize either the stadium or the fans that Shrake is describing.

If there are people who really do come to the stadium on Sunday afternoons because "a Redskin home game is a social event," I have yet to meet one. Most of us come be-

continued

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cause 1) we love pro football and 2) we are Redskin fans. Silly, isn't it?

HERBERT A. FIERST

Washington

Sirs:

Edwin Shrake's description of Luci Baines Johnson's companions at the Redskin game as "men who looked like former Knox College tackles" must have left many of your readers wondering what a Knox College tackle looks like. I am, therefore, submitting a photograph of Wayne Steward of Macomb, Ill., who looks like—and is—a Knox



College tackle (*above*). Furthermore, he is a senior at Knox and co-captain of the Siwasher eleven.

WILLIAM J. KILKENNY

Galesburg, Ill.

Sirs:

Granted, the Redskins play as if they are the oldest team in the NFL, but the fact is that their opponents in the game Edwin Shrake saw at D.C. Stadium were even older—223 years (including this one) of league experience for the 40 Cleveland Brown regulars vs. 208 years for the Skins. That's the Redskins for you, they can't even win a gerontology contest.

RICHARD L. WORSSOP

Washington

Sirs:

The Washington Redskins may be in but their new helmets are Out. The old Washington feather-in-the-back helmet ranked as the class of the league. The man in the Redskin organization who ordered that change ought to be scalped.

RICHARD WILSON

Lubbock, Texas

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Track of the Cat in Hawaii's White Water

The breakers were like snowy mountains set loose as two sailors in an 18-foot Pacific Catamaran moved precariously through them only yards from the glittering beaches of Oahu

by HUGH WHALL

"Trim!" Carter Pyle shouted at me over the roar of the surf. "Trim! Trim!" Behind us a hulking mound of water was rising, green against the ocean's blue. I beefed in the jib, and our 18-foot 9-inch Pacific Catamaran sprang forward. We were accelerating fast but not as fast as the wave that was chasing us. Its forward edge was now less a steep slope than a solid wall. Catamaran and wave were both aimed dead at the coral reef of Kaikoo. Needles of spray darted from the cat's twin bows as her sterns rose and she drove ahead and down the wave's deceptively smooth face. "Back!" screamed Pyle, who was himself stretched as far over the starboard stern as the hiking strap holding his toes would permit. Back I went, slipping and sliding in the wet cockpit. Behind us the wall of water had become a towering cliff, hanging poised over our heads, waiting only to topple over itself—and us with it.

By now the cat was moving so fast that it hummed – quite literally hummed as the hulls and rigging vibrated to the rush of the water. The bows were still pointed downward, and I knew that if they dug into the water ahead we would go end over end in a stumbling somersault with a crushing mass of water on top of us. Overhead the sun was streaming through the trade-wind clouds, dappling Diamond Head to the west and Koko Head to the east with gold. The sun's rays spotlighted houses on the shore and formed strange and beautiful patterns in the water. I had only one thought: if I am about to die, maybe this is the way to do it, surfing down a mountain of water, bathed in sparkling sunlight.

As it turned out, I did not die, and by some miscalculation of nature the catamaran on which I was riding with Sailor-Designer Carter Pyle was not dashed to bits on the coral reef ahead. As the wave broke it slowed down. So did we, finally coming to a stop 20 feet away from a stone jetty projecting out from the beach. The wave rolled shoreward, bashing itself into a series of ripples along the beach. I tried to say something and discovered I was hoarse. I had screamed my throat raw from pure excitement.

If playing the surf on a board is roughly equivalent in excitement to climbing a Himalayan peak in a snowstorm, then surfing in a sailboat is like climbing the same peak on a bicycle. What's more, coasting in toward the shore—the maneuver we had just got through—is the easiest part. All we had to do now was to go about and sail out again.

A heavyweight fighter has intelligence and so to a lesser degree has a charging rhino. A stone wall stands still. But a wave is a wall that is both brutishly unintelligent and moves. There is no escape from it. Turn to port or starboard and the wave will try to roll you over. Sail too fast and the shock of boat meeting wave is dangerously intensified, too slow and the boat becomes the wave's toy.

We came about slowly to be confronted by a no man's land of foam between us and the next set of waves through which we would have to punch. We trimmed the sails and the Pacific Cat picked up speed as we easily thumped through the foam. The first wave we hit going out was young and fairly small. Up we rose, up the angled green back—then squash, we were over the top. Not so had. The next wave had developed further. "Lord," I thought as it came at us, "can't we go someplace else?" But no. Up, up we slid. We were almost airborne in a vertical climb, then over the top once more. There was nothing but air between and under the hulls. Crash. Somehow I was lying on my back in the port cockpit in a welter of foam. Then, before the water cleared, up, up, up again. This time the crest was fully formed, was breaking. Nothing short of a fly can climb a concave cliff without doing an inside loop. Into the crest. Smash. White water everywhere.

"Hold on to the hiking strap," yelled Pyle. "Hook your arm under it. The hiking strap. Hang on. Hang on!" All my life I have known what a hiking strap is, but at that moment, for the life of me, I did not know what Pyle was talking about. I was numb and half crouching, clutching at the port mast stay. Nothing, I thought, could pry me loose.

There was hardly time to suck in a breath before the next one—the big one—came. It was the mother, father, sister, brother and great-great-grandfather of all waves, and it broke right aboard. It mauled, tugged, smothered us—all at once. No boat could survive such a blow and, even if it could, no human could stay aboard. Yet the incredibly strong hull and rig of the catamaran took the blow. No one was lost. "Hang on to that strap next time," was all Pyle had

continued

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT

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to say, "If you go overboard, it'll be rough trying to pick you up."

It was a characteristic understatement on the part of the man who dreamed up the idea of holding what he called "the first annual catamaran surf-sailing championships" in the breakers off Oahu. Pyle's original thought was to have six or seven Pacific Catamarans racing each other through the waves, but one look at the surf was enough to convince everybody that would be a mistake. Two boats riding the same wave at the same time would be hairy enough. Six or seven boats would be like having six or seven matadors take on six or seven bulls in the same ring at the same time. Moreover, seeing who could get in or out of the surf fastest would be out of the question. Surf sailing, like bullfighting, is an art, not a contest of speed. And, like a bullfighter, a surf sailor needs something more than mere skill and technique to carry him through. A surf sailor must be hooked on the triple dose of sail, speed and the adrenalin released in a man's body when he doesn't know whether his boat is under control or not. Bob Casey, who sailed one of the two boats in the so-called race off Oahu, is one such man. Carter Pyle is another.

Pyle, a nonsmoker so handsome that he was once drafted to pose for a cigarette ad, is a sailor who responds to a wave the way others might to a siren. On one occasion, holding a comfortable lead in a catamaran race, he was about to round a mark placed on the fringe of the surf when his boat caught a high, hard one rolling for the beach. Forgetting all about the race, Pyle rode the wave in until it crumpled on the shore. Then he jumped overboard, turned the cat around, crashed back through the surf to rejoin the race and finished in third place.

From the time he was 6 years old, Pyle liked boats, liked drawing them, liked thinking up ways to make them better. But as a racing sailor he was—well, a good football player. Pyle played football for nine consecutive years, in high school, as a tackle at Stanford (where, he says, he was the lightest tackle ever to start in a Rose Bowl game) and as a lineman on a Navy service team in Hawaii. "When I went into the Navy," he says, "I told them I'd play football for them if they kept me in Hawaii. They went along with the idea, and I spent 22 months playing football in the season, washing dishes on a tanker in the off season. My wife Emily saw me play two games and I got thrown out of both of them. Somebody slugged me, and I got mad." He sometimes does get mad. "Those games were one big brawl from beginning to end. You just stood there and slugged each other." Those nine years induced in Pyle a distaste for football that has never left him. "I haven't been to a football game since the last one I played," he says. "I don't follow the game, watch it on TV or read about it in the papers. Basically, I don't care for team sports, although I do like being in condition. Being able to run through brick walls, light matches on the back of your hands, things like that."

Pyle had not gone to Hawaii to get his gut punched by a burly marine tackle or get dishpan hands on a tanker. He had gone to Hawaii for one reason only—to surf in the best waves of their kind anywhere. He craved places with names like Sunset and Pipeline and Cloudbreak, where the waves run 12 feet high by triangulation, not eyeball. Typically, Pyle and two or three friends would paddle a mile out, then ride in, turn around and paddle out again—hour after hour. When they weren't surfing they simply sat and watched the combers. Once when they were surfing off Cloudbreak, Pyle and a friend were joined by a shark. The shark twitched a fin, splashing Pyle, who got mad and began paddling for shore to catch a set. Then he and his friend and the shark were all hurtling shoreward together. Before they made the beach the two men lost their boards, and the three of them were all floundering in the water together.

"I wouldn't do that again," says Pyle now, "but I enjoyed it then."

"Carter is more conservative now," says his wife Emily.

I knew that because of the way we had come in from the race off Oahu. Time after time we had punched into fierce waves until finally a hatch cover jarred loose on our starboard hull, filling the cat with water, and Pyle decided to call it a day. It was difficult to surf in that condition, and after pounding out we turned and, on a screaming reach, sailed the four miles back to Waikiki. Said Pyle apologetically, "I wouldn't have minded driving the boat harder if it were my own, but I wouldn't want to beat up someone else's boat." **END**



Hold That Tuba!

Like coaches looking for promising football players, college bandmasters scout the high schools for tuba players and trumpeters

by GERALD HOLLAND

The musical extravaganzas that entertain the crowds at the big college football games seem to grow grander and gaudier with each new season. Drum majors are more flamboyant than ever, twirlers were never more expert or daring. Marching bands are bigger and are darting in and out of intricate formations that would drive a Marine drill instructor out of his mind.

It is not likely that the day will ever come when football games will be played between intermissions of band music. But football is outnumbered right now. For instance, when Coach Bump Elliott of Michigan sends 44 players running out on the field, 206 members of the Michigan Marching Band are already there.

Few bandmasters, of course, are able to indulge in recruiting as the word might be defined by Duffy Daugherty, Woody Hayes or Bear Bryant. But—conceded that most of the collegiate impresarios have inducements to offer that are modest in comparison with those held out to football prospects—the music men attack the task of keeping their marching bands up to full strength with a zeal and a brand of supersalesmanship that would put most of the football mentors and their bird dogs to shame.

Quite obviously, bands like Michigan's are not put together and maintained at full strength merely by posting notices of tryouts on bulletin boards. But Michigan's band director Dr. William D. Revelli insists that he never recruits in the football-recruiting sense.

"We absolutely do not give scholarships for our marching band," says Dr. Revelli. "The music school gives a certain number of scholarships to music majors, but nobody gets a scholarship just to play and march. The only reward is the satisfaction of playing in a magnificent band and a token $40, which is given, as a matter of tradition, to all marching band members at the end of the season."

But the impression among bandmasters around the country is that recruiting is rampant throughout the Big Ten. Don Adcock, band director at North Carolina State, says: "The practice of giving band scholarships is widespread in the Big Ten and, I understand, at such schools as Alabama and Louisiana State. We don't give any here at North Carolina State—not even music school scholarships, because we don't have a music school." Herbert Hazelman, bandmaster of Grimsley Senior High School in Greensboro, N.C., agrees. "The Big Ten actively recruits. I get letters all year long about band scholarships. This fall every one of the merit scholarship semifinalists in our band received a letter from Michigan State."

Nobody got letters offering scholarships, grants in aid or any other plums from Ohio State, according to Dr. Charles L. Spohn Jr., director of the OSU band. "We do contact people and make every attempt to know the top musicians in Ohio high schools. We do this for the university's five bands, including an all-girl band, not just for the marching band. We have an extensive mailing and personal-contact program, but we promise nothing but a chance to try out for one of the best bands in the country."

Michigan State freely admits that half of its marching-band members are on scholarship. The story is told on campus at East Lansing of a boy who got two scholarship offers, one to play on the hockey team, one to play in the band. The boy took the band. That could happen in the case of a hockey prospect at Michigan State. But if the musician had also been a first-rate running back, the band would have got him over Coach Duffy Daugherty's dead body.

However, as things work out, relations between bandmasters and coaches of major and minor sports are generally cordial. Dr. Revelli of Michigan did not protest, some years ago, when Bob Johnson, a cornetist, was recruited right out of the band by the football team. Says

continued

Dr. Revelli: "Johnson was a fine young man, but he just wasn't so good as a cornetist that I'd make a fight for him." At Northwestern, Bandmaster John Painter says he usually has athletes from minor sports in the band. Right now he has a tennis player and a wrestler, and once he salvaged an injured football player named Sandy Davis and turned him into a first-rate saxophonist. At Illinois, in the days when Ray Eliot was coaching football, he offered Bandmaster Everett Kisinger the services of a 200-pound tackle named Peter Palmer. Coach Eliot, impressed with Palmer's singing in the locker room, asked Kisinger if he could use him as a soloist. Kisinger said he would be delighted to audition Palmer, who, it turned out, had a rich baritone voice. Kisinger had him sing *The Star-Spangled Banner* in football uniform before the games and sometimes entertain between halves if Coach Eliot had no other plans for him.

At the University of Miami (Fla.), Bandmaster Fred W. McCall Jr. freely discusses the inducements he has to offer full-time musicians who are not distracted by football and other sports. About 100 members of Miami's 140-piece band receive partial scholarships totaling $70,000 annually—as against $288,000 worth of assistance handed out to football players. "In addition," says McCall, "about 20 of our bandsmen receive some additional financial aid from our Henry Fillmore Special Fund. The boys who get Fillmore grants are those who just couldn't go to college without financial assistance." Bandmaster McCall also counts on springtime auditions, on a five-week summer camp on the campus and an annual concert tour by the Miami band to interest prospective band candidates. "The tour is very productive," McCall says, "and high school seniors either contact us after a concert or write to us later. We have a good file of letters from prospects for next year." McCall adds that it has been some years since he went out in hot pursuit of a musician. "I was on the trail of a French horn player," he says, "but I lost him when another school offered the boy a full scholarship, room and board and a summer study trip to Europe."

The Henry Fillmore Special Fund at the University of Miami is unique only insofar as it is publicly acknowledged to exist. Elsewhere around the country (except in the Ivy League) secret funds have been set up by music-minded alumni to nourish tuba players or any other specialists who may be in short supply.

Incidentally, there never seem to be too many tuba players around, deserving or otherwise. Not many boys take readily to the tuba. It is very rarely a solo instrument, never in a college band. It is not glamorous. Brass tubas (as adapted for marching bands they are called sousaphones) are big and heavy, and it takes a stout fellow to go sashaying down the field with one. Fiber-glass tubas (weighing about 12 pounds, or one-third the weight of the brass tubas) are coming in (even in the Ivy League), but oldtime tuba fanciers consider them an abomination. The tuba is not a romantic instrument. If (as New York Mayor Jimmy Walker said) no girl was ever ruined by a book, certainly no girl was ever tempted beyond her strength to resist by a tuba serenade.

Tuba troubles

Tubas are expensive: brass tubas cost from $700 to $1,000. College bands must supply them because few tuba men own their own instruments. Tubas can also be hazardous. "I've seen a sudden gust of wind," says Band Director Hazelman of Greensboro, "catch a tuba and send a boy sprawling horn over backward. Tubas are also a target for peanuts, wads of empty cigarette packages and paper cups, beer cans and whiskey bottles. I would say the tuba player is in as much danger, taking one thing and another, as the average football lineman. Big college bands hardly ever have enough tubas."

Ronald Broadwell, director of the University of Southern California's marching band, agrees. "We are usually hurting for tubas at USC," he says, "and one year we had to switch a trombone player to the tuba." Such conversions are common. Irving Dreibrodt, bandmaster at Southern Methodist University, says. "We frequently have to flip a boy from some other brass instrument over to the tuba. The boys are very proud of the band and are glad to cooperate.

As an example of a dedicated tuba player who selected the instrument in high school and has stayed with it exclusively, Dr. Revelli points to Dick Bittle, who (his fellow bandsmen say) plays a very hot tuba. Bittle, tall and limber, comes from Sturgis, Mich. and made last year's marching band as a freshman —an achievement that reflects considerable credit on his high school bandmaster, who happens to be his brother Jack, once a drummer in Michigan's band.

At the University of Kansas, Band Director Russell L. Wiley depends on a summer camp and tips from high school contacts to keep talent coming along. He doesn't have much to offer. He is able to get 15 or 20 boys an average of $125 each, and he splits the $2,500 paid to the band by the athletic department among 125 musicians. He also scrounges around to get part-time jobs for students who need them. But sometimes he runs into knottier problems in which money is not the question at all.

"A couple of years ago," Director Wiley says, "I had my eye on two boys in the Winfield, Kans. band. Trumpet player and trombonist. I talked to the boys and thought everything was set. But about 2 o'clock one morning I got a call from their bandmaster. 'You'd better get down here fast,' he said, 'or you are going to lose those boys.' I threw on my clothes, jumped into my car and headed for Winfield. When I got there I found out that some musical bird dogs from some small religious colleges had been telling the boys' parents that Kansas, being a state school, was a heathen institution. Well, sir, I went right out to see the parents, and I gave them a big pitch about all the religious activities on our campus and I predicted that their sons would end up not only playing in that band but singing in the choirs of churches in Lawrence. The parents were impressed with my obvious sincerity, and I got the boys. They came through fine, played at the football games Saturdays, sang in church choirs Sundays."

So it goes with the hard-working, bird-dogging bandmasters—everywhere but in the Ivy League. The Ivy League does not look with favor on strutting and twirling and fast-stepping bandsmen, preferring to depend on pure musicianship and a few refined japes and capers. The Ivy League's attitude toward the other sort of thing was summed up succinctly by a Yale man who was persuaded by a friend to attend Michigan's big Band Day last season. After it was all over, the friend asked the Yale man what he thought of the show.

"It was all right, I suppose," said the Yale man, "but wasn't it terribly middlewestern?" **END**



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